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THE PRICE OF PEACE

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

DEFEATISTS, with ignoble volubility that is special to their clan, have been rapturously foretelling the League's death and burial. Well, the funeral is not yet ready. At the moment when I write, some of the most serviceable heads and hearts in Europe are strenuously at work to prevent relapse into what we now count as the methods of barbarism. Unfortunately the lesson which forced Europe to this final appreciation of war is much too recent to have thoroughly penetrated the consciousness of any European people. Even one generation ago, a highly-trained nation setting out to acquire control of imperfectly developed territory by the use of superior armament and military skill would have claimed to be advancing the progress of civilization, and could justify its claim from examples given by the leaders of civilization in Europe. The English-speaking race has no doubt that it was virtuous to take North America from the redskins or South Africa from the blacks; while France certainly holds—and I think with large measure of justice—that the work of civilization has been greatly forwarded, even since the Great War, by her African conquests. I do not feel able to affirm that an Italian occupation of Abyssinia might not be of as much service to humanity as that of Morocco by France; and it is certain that Italy has more need than France of new territory which her people can exploit. In fact, that need is one of the pressing problems before Europe. Unless it can be met, there is no prospect of bridging the gulf which separates the order to which civilized humanity was accustomed up to 1914 from that which, since 1918, Europe has been seeking to construct.

The first step in that attempt was an inter-locking system of solemn pledges, in several instances renewed or re-affirmed—

sometimes with a wider extension (the Kellogg Pact)—sometimes with more intensive application—as at Locarno.

Now the peculiarity of this Abyssinian difficulty is that Italy's need cannot be met in Abyssinia without cutting away this whole foundation on which the new order is so far built up. The League of Nations rests on a free Covenant, and that Covenant includes Abyssinia. It is futile to argue that Abyssinia should never have been admitted; admission took place, and Italy was responsible for it as much as other Powers. According to the Covenant, difficulties between Abyssinia and any other member of the League are matter for arbitration. Abyssinia—not unnaturally—has been willing to abide by this condition; Italy, so far as the Duce's speeches tell us, has not been and is not. The question, in his judgment, is one for Italy to decide in her own single right.

It is fair to say that since Signor Mussolini began to speak for Italy, he has made plain by many contemptuous references that the League was not an organization which he took seriously. Nobody, therefore, can be surprised that he should resent being invited to let Italy's plea and Abyssinia's be judged from a standpoint of equality; since in advance he made it disagreeably plain that Italy's continued adherence to the League implied no more than lip-service to its principles.

It was not for him a question of good faith. Commitments as directly made to both Italy and another European Power or Powers belonged to a different order of ideas. These presumably would be observed according to the rule of the old order—subject always to Italy's sovereign right to dispense herself from them in obedience to a paramount national interest. This was the old morality as between nations. A nation's ruler must in the interests of his nation ignore obligations that as a man he could not set aside without dishonour. In the new order, we are trying to get away from that conception; we are trying to establish law between nation and nation, as between citizen and citizen.

No test more critical than this Abyssinian one could easily be imagined; and it is certainly possible for the civilized world (as we understand civilization) to take a great step forward—or fall a long way back. At such a juncture one is forced back on

consideration of the ultimate issues : what the League means, what it means to run away from the League at its testing time.

It was the product of humanity's reactions to four years of war. Those reactions were different in quality from the aftermath of Napoleon's era. Then, indeed, we saw the Concert of Europe, a genuine attempt to preserve peace ; but look at the literature of that time, and it is plain that war had not gone home as now to the marrow of mankind. Nothing is more typical of the finest soldier spirit than the writings of the Napiers, and perhaps its most characteristic expression came, not from Sir Charles or Sir William, but from their less brilliant brother, Sir George. His phrase for the adventures of the Peninsular War—and he saw the worst of it—was “ fun and glory ”. That note ran through the literature of that time. Look now at what the young men wrote about this last wallowing in the mud and stench. Even the marvellous adventure of air combat was too grim to be enjoyable : Captain Ball, the fighting man *par excellence*, could not get out of his mind the sight of a defeated opponent whirled down, still living, thousands of feet, to the final crash. But of course, the real difference is that all the populations felt the danger, and the horror. Everybody said : Never again ; and most of them meant it. In fact it is probable that outside the Balkans no nation in Europe could be taken into aggressive war within this generation, so long as the nation remained free. This has been so strongly realized that by two great Powers freedom has been entirely suppressed, so that rulers might, if they chose, have recourse effectively to the old methods.

Now the central idea of the League was a joint defence of freedom—not for individuals but for nations. The small Powers very naturally threw themselves into an association which might be made in reality what it was in name : a charter for their continued freedom. England was not less enthusiastic, but the enthusiasm there had a different quality ; for until within the last year it did not seem conceivable to England that England might again have to defend her existence. What England could do was to maintain philanthropically the principles of the League and prevent by all means short of armed intervention the recurrence of war in Europe. Nowhere did the detestation of war take a stronger hold ; for the consequences of war were nowhere more

oppressively felt in any victorious nation. England had no Alsace-Lorraine ; and though the German fleet was sunk, the war which ended in its destruction left England no longer supreme mistress of the seas. Moreover, the deep-seated Quaker strain which makes England continuously unwilling to accept universal military obligations now got the mastery. Preparation for war was held to be the certain cause of war, and the sacrifices which England chose to make were sacrifices of military preparedness. A pressing and unfamiliar sense of money difficulties urged in the same direction ; and Great Britain's contribution to the cause of peace chiefly took the form of reduction of British armaments.

An unfortunate consequence was that because France persistently refused to follow suit, England at large tended to regard France as incorrigibly militarist. Yet from the first the French conception had never varied. If there was aggression in Europe, force must be ready to check it, in the name of Europe ; and within the first year of the League's existence the new Europe had to meet its gravest danger when Soviet Russia threatened to overrun Poland. Great Britain, war-weary, refused to come to the rescue. France could do little, but what she could she did, and the moral effect of Weygand's coming—if not his military counsel—certainly assisted Poland's amazing recovery. Much later, in another crisis, when Austria's independence was threatened, the decisive movement of Italian troops prevented a new outbreak of war. What added to the decisiveness was that France also was ready if called upon. England signified support ; but all the world knew that England's action must come slowly. In that case the price of peace was prompt action.

But also, in that case, decision was easy. The events of June, 1934, when the Nazis disposed by gangster methods of those whom they disapproved, had shocked public feeling throughout Europe. In the next month the same methods were applied in Austria by Nazis acting clearly under German inspiration. Europe at large resented the idea of a gangster *coup d'Etat*. There was no need to call in the League, for the issue was clear ; and there was no time to call it in. Italy's action was universally approved.

Yet in this case the principle of protection of the weak against

aggression of the strong cannot be said to have been effectively asserted. Both Italy and France acted on the line of their own interest, since both regarded the maintenance of an independent Austria as vital to their national policy.

England, alone of the three, may be said to have given an example of disinterested action, its Government counting on a public opinion which had been strongly moved. One thing, however, was made plain—the power of united action to nip aggression in the bud.

The case which now confronts the League is at every point different. In the first instance, full warning has been given; appeal has been lodged with the League; indeed, Italy has indicated plainly enough that the League will not be allowed to restrain Italian action. Further, it is clear that Italy, if dissatisfied, will follow Japan's and Germany's example and leave the League—which would then have lost three out of the six Great Powers. It is argued that to preserve the League's existence, Italy should get the free hand which she regards as her right. In the third place, the interests of all Europe, with the exception of Germany (and possibly of Hungary), demand that Italy should continue on the friendliest terms with France, and with England. It is argued that in the major interest of European security, France and England should act in accordance with Italy's desires. In order to avoid the possibility of a big war, we are to connive at the outbreak of a little one.

Now, frankly, to sacrifice all the League's principles for the sake of preserving the League is a poor plan. Nothing kills an institution more effectively than contempt. Germany left the League, but Russia joined it; and so far as Europe is concerned, the League has power more than sufficient to control both Germany and Italy, if its members decide to mobilize their resources in the interests of peace. Italy's membership is not essential to the League. The essential is that the League should exact from its members fidelity to the principles for which it stands. If, after all that the League can do towards mediation—if Abyssinia on her part has done all that the League decides to be required of her—if then Italy persists in the appeal to force, Italy's place is not in the League.

What steps should be taken in that deplorable event is matter

for the guiding powers of the League to consider. But for the present, as a simple citizen lacking any information other than what a general study of politics has provided, I hold that there are possibilities of a settlement on the lines indicated by Sir Edward Grigg in the August number of the *FORTNIGHTLY*. "No world-settlement", he wrote, "can maintain peace indefinitely which is incapable of being sufficiently modified for our time by peaceful means to meet new conditions and changing necessities. . . . If every existing frontier is to remain fixed for ever, and every existing sovereignty, whatever its character, guaranteed against modification, then an explosion is inevitable". But I do not think that he has drawn the lines wide enough or far enough. His statement of Italy's needs and of the case for meeting them seems to me excellent, but he appears to leave out the possibility that this may be done otherwise than at the expense of Abyssinia. We come back to the larger issue indicated by Mr. Frank Simonds in his article of June last—the issue between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots".

Innumerable people in Great Britain have within the past ten or twelve years insisted on the necessity for sacrifices in the interests of peace. But the sacrifice was always to be made by someone else. Either it was the Polish Corridor to be given back to Germany, or some part of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia or Rumania to Hungary. Discussion went so far that one day M. Benes thought it necessary to lay down as an axiom that no frontier in Europe could be changed except at the cost of war. I do not accept this as an axiom, but I certainly agree that sacrifices will only be agreed to by the smaller States when the great are also making them. Meanwhile, assuredly the observation does not extend also to Africa. There certainly, frontiers will admit alteration; and there certainly two great Powers have more than they can reasonably be said to need. There, also, two groups of possessions are held by France and England, the title to which will never be permanently acquiesced in by other great European Powers. One consists of the territories taken from Germany and held under mandate. The other is Tunisia, a settlement conquered by France, some fifty years ago, developed, under French direction, but colonized by Italians far more than by Frenchmen.

I know that what I am suggesting here will appear to many a preposterous idealism, but it is the view to which, personally, I am driven. In regard to Tunisia, it does not seem to me possible in the nature of things that a colony so constituted can remain permanently in French possession—even allowing for the unequalled power which France has shown for making Frenchmen of other races. Or, if I am wrong in this, I still do not hold it possible that there can ever be friendship, loyal and cordial, between France and Italy while this sore remains. And friendship between the two great Latin races is worth more to France than the possession of Tunisia.

But one thing is clear. Whatever France may be willing to give up for the peace of the world, England, the other great "Have", must match to the full with sacrifice. It may well be that what she gives, or gives back, must go to Germany. Simple retrocession of the territories conquered in 1914-18 is, however, a much lesser sacrifice than Tunisia would mean for France.

Such considerations, however, are irrelevant, except that, writing in an English review, it is well to show that international questions are not looked at solely from an English standpoint. Yet even from the standpoint of those who served in British armies, we are today faced with a dispute which threatens to destroy all that in the war countless thousands of us really fought for. I take the case most familiar to me. It was certainly not for the interest of England that Irish Nationalists went into the War. If it was in a sense for Belgium, it was because Belgium at that moment became a symbol as well as a moving reality. If we fought for a motive of our own, and we did, it was in the hope of reconciling old and savage differences by a common effort for a clearly intelligible principle—the defence of the weak in Europe against the strong. The ideal for which we fought was the project sketched by Briand, and filled in later by Wilson—a lasting organization for the defence of right as right, between one State and another. If now we are asked to agree that the right of a weak and undeveloped country shall yield, even to the real needs of a powerful neighbour, what is left of the ideal that our comrades in all the English-speaking armies risked or gave their lives for? Until the League of Nations has become a laughing-stock, we can face the memory of our dead with at

least a hope. That end is not yet ! The fight goes on. But while the fight continues, sacrifices are demanded, not the same sacrifices, not payment in blood, yet not easy sacrifices. Men do not easily give up ideas of national pride and national interest which have been cherished as duties. Yet, so long as the *sacro egoismo* of patriotism takes precedence of all other motives in the mind of an honest man, what hope is there for the world ?

One must distinguish clearly between what the League can do and what it cannot. To adjudicate on the matters in dispute between Italy and Abyssinia falls clearly within its functions ; and this task must be carried through. But to meet the needs of Italy for room in which her population and her energies may expand, is entirely beyond the League's power. The League has nothing to give away. Yet neither, for that matter, has the League any coercive machinery at its disposal ; but its existence has throughout presumed that somehow and somewhere such machinery will be found. It has a claim implicit perhaps rather than explicit, yet undeniable, on the resources of its member States. The view which I put forward here is that those nations in the League which hold African territory should agree to confer and consider what can be done in Africa to meet the needs of Italy.

This would mean a Conference in which France, England, and Italy would sit with the representatives of Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and certainly also of the Union of South Africa. But I do not think that if such an attempt were made, it would be possible to avoid considering also the demands and the needs of Germany, or to exclude Germany from the Conference. This no doubt would add to the difficulties. But except on this condition no allotment would be conceivable that could hope to stand. Moreover, on this condition, a much wider appeasement might be achieved. Both of the great " Have-Nots " could be dealt with in the sphere where frontiers and claims, as between European and European, have no ancient history, and no ancient hold on affection.

Any settlement so agreed on would not be made by the League, but made for the League's purposes ; it could be recognized and registered by a League which would then in great measure have emerged from the shadow of Versailles. Further, a League

through whose influence such a danger as now threatens had been averted, could be strengthened out of all knowledge. Such a League could afford to do what it has never yet attempted : define its purposes, impose serious conditions of membership, and, if necessary, purge its ranks. It could, for instance, in the present case make it a condition that Abyssinia should effectively put down the traffic in captured slaves, on penalty of forfeiting the protection which membership had afforded. But that is a small detail ; the League, once it became effective, would have larger issues to face. It must consider gravely whether it can extend membership where it cannot give full effect to its responsibilities ; for example, in South America. Yet here the difficulty, as I see it, is less, because these are states of European, that is to say, of Christian formation. Where they are deficient is in political development, in the power of their statesmen to control the state. There are undoubtedly men in South America as fit to understand the League and its purposes as M. Benes or General Smuts—who could put it higher ? But the communities which they represent are much further behind this stage of civilization. In Asia, the problem is much harder ; and in Asia beyond yea or nay, the League experienced its worst defeat. Yet, consciously or instinctively, Europe has refused to regard this defeat as capital—I think for good reasons.

China was accepted as a member state when there was in fact no Government that could speak responsibly for China as a whole. Japan had complaint to make of Chinese action which the government of which the League had cognisance could not effectively control. According to the old order, absence of effective rule justified action by the more competent neighbour ; no State has provided more precedents than Great Britain for the extension of the stronger influence in such a case. Japan, however, by her membership of the League was committed to the new order ; and a clash arose between the instincts of Japanese patriotism and the dictates of a new international morality. Who can wonder at the result ? In no State was patriotism so completely identified with honour and with religion as in Japan ; in no State was all action so prompted by what F. S. Oliver calls “ the instinct of the hive—sagacious, un-deliberate and fierce ”. Where the Christian formation underlies

all morality, voices will be raised, even at personal peril, against this instinct ; voices that answer another call, speaking of justice and humanity. Every Christian state has heard them, and has heard them howled against, often howled down ; yet they have persisted. They have never been anti-national, but opposed to a narrow and unjust conception of the nation's interest. Sometimes events have speedily justified them ; without the pro-Boer movement of 1900, the Campbell-Bannerman settlement of 1907 would not have been possible, and without that settlement South Africa would have been lost to the British Commonwealth early in the war. But in Japan any equivalent for the pro-Boer manifestations would have been as unthinkable as in Hitler's Germany or Mussolini's Italy.

Yet in these two European states, because they are European and of Christian formation, Fascism and Nazism are moods of the moment, artificially fostered—not, as in Japan, an expression of the people's permanent mind and will ; and a conception more truly European may prevail against Fascism and Nazism, provided that proof is given of a will to maintain justice between state and state. And not only of the will. Part of the price of peace is that all members of the League shall hold themselves ready to defend justice, as the independence of Austria was defended, by display of force ; even in the last resort, beyond the display of it. But in a world that knows, as Europe does, the incalculable price of war, and that is ill able to reckon in advance the result even of " economic sanctions ", it is wisdom and it is duty to use every resource which may ease over the transition, not from the old vices, but from the old virtues of a limited patriotism to the demands of a wider citizenship.

As among individuals, every civilized state knows that the war left a grossly disproportionate distribution of riches, and civilization has gone far, with the consent of all citizens, to level down those inequalities. Consent was in many cases cordial ; but in all cases, the fear of chaotic revolution was decisive. In the society of nations, " Haves " might possibly defend themselves successfully against the " Have-Nots ", but that struggle might bring the whole society to ruin. Peace is a thing that has to be paid for ; but it cannot be bought once for all and put in the pocket or lodged at the bank. It must be maintained by con-

tinuous acts into which a degree of sacrifice enters, since there can be no peace when every member of the community is determined to have his own way. As the community develops, sacrifices of individual interest are regulated and imposed. My contention in what I have written here is that at a transition point from the old to the new it is desirable, and even necessary, that certain States, more amply provided than the others, should consider what voluntary sacrifices they can make in order that, after the vast derangement of war, the world, or at least Europe, may feel that nations start fair, and that force is not the only remedy.

If, in the application of those new principles, by which alone most of us believe that European society can continue to exist, France and England object to Italy's doing for her own advancement what France and England have been proud to do for theirs, then France and England should find a compensation for Italy; and it is in their interest; for peace is most in the interest of the most amply developed civilization. When they have made their contribution to the price of peace, it will be justifiable for them to ask others to make theirs. Large changes in the distribution of Africa may render possible small adjustments of European frontiers—at present far more perilous, yet even more necessary in the long run. The justification for such an article as this is that no politician in charge of his country's interests can afford to originate proposals of large sacrifices to be made by his country. Movement in such a direction must begin outside the group of accredited persons. It must be a movement of which practical politicians can take cognisance. But unless much more is openly canvassed and advocated than the practical politicians will even venture to discuss, I, for my own part, see no hope of peace.

RUSSIA'S RED FASCISM

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

(Author of *Russia's Iron Age*)

THE Soviet regime has entered on a new and extremely significant stage of development, the stage of destroying and crushing its own extremists, of trampling under foot many of its more Utopian early ideals. The liquidation of the kulaks, one of the most sweeping acts of revolutionary ruthlessness during the period of the first Five Year Plan, has been followed by the liquidation of many of Lenin's basic ideas, both in foreign and in internal policy.

Viewed from the standpoint of historical comparison, Russia now reveals many points of psychological similarity to France after the Ninth Thermidor, when Robespierre and other extremists went to the guillotine to which they had sentenced so many others, and when the new classes which had risen on the ruins of the old settled down to enjoy the fruits of victory. If one prefers a more modern form of comparison, it may fairly be said that Bolshevism, in its latest manifestation, is evolving into a form of Red Fascism.

Communism and Fascism are usually thought of as complete antipodes. The advocates of Fascism usually justify it as a means of "smashing the Reds". The sentimental sympathiser with Moscow who makes a habit of justifying, or at least condoning arbitrary arrests and executions in Russia in the name of some supposed higher good that is being achieved by the Soviet system, usually professes unbounded horror and indignation when the same brutal but effective methods of administration are applied in the Third Reich.

Yet certain similarities between Communism and Fascism

in practice are so striking and obvious that they should be clear to anyone who is not a blind partisan of either system. An unusually broadminded Russian Communist, returning to his native country after a stay in Italy, observed that in the latter country, as in Russia, enthusiasm for the existing regime was much greater among the youth than among the middle-aged generation. After noting other points of resemblance he remarked, a trifle plaintively : " It's really very much the same in Italy as here, except that in Italy the people have enough to eat ".

Bolshevism and Fascism are both based on the dictatorship of a single party, itself under the dictatorship of a leader supposed to be infallible. Both make a clean sweep of civil liberties ; and the arguments against freedom of the press which are occasionally uttered by spokesmen of the ruling parties in Moscow, Berlin, and Rome are very similar. Russia, Germany, and Italy today are all governed on the theory that the individual has no rights which the state is obliged to respect. All three dictatorships set great store by highly organized centralized propaganda. For those who do not accept the propaganda there is always a capacious concentration camp.

A few years ago one could have noted striking differences, as well as ironic parallels, between Communism and Fascism in practice. Passionate nationalism was a cardinal principle of Fascism, whereas the Soviet Union abjured patriotism, and its soldiers took a solemn oath " to fight for the world revolution ". Something like material equality was supposed to be an ultimate, if not an immediate, aspiration of the Bolshevik Revolution, and this could not be said of Fascism. Bolshevism abolished private ownership of factories and mines, banks and farms, and substituted a vast bureaucratic system of state capitalism and state landlordism. Fascism, while it theoretically placed the interests of the state above those of the individual in the economic sphere, stopped short at the suppression of private economic enterprise, whilst subjecting it to drastic control. This last difference remains. But in its attitude towards nationalism and in its attitude towards equality Soviet practice during the last two years has been gravitating more and more strongly toward Fascism.

Take the recent international policies of the Soviet Union. A small but significant straw which shows the direction from which the wind is blowing was a speech by the Soviet Ambassador to America. Mr. Troyanovsky told an applauding audience at the New York Bond Club that the advice of "broad-minded business men" would be "useful and valuable" in "working out practical plans for the economic rehabilitation of the world, and especially for Europe". This might be considered good Rotarianism, but it was certainly dubious Leninism. It was not in the "advice of broad-minded business men" that Lenin saw the cure for what he regarded as the incurable maladies of the present social and economic system.

Still more important are the implications of the recent Soviet military alliances with France and Czechoslovakia. The previous Soviet entrance into the League of Nations was a bitter enough pill for an orthodox Communist to swallow. Ever since the League had been established it had been the butt of violent attacks by Soviet statesmen; the most fantastic schemes of organising war and intervention against the Soviet Union were habitually imputed to the pacific and well-nigh powerless institution on Lake Geneva. Then the gramophone record of Soviet official propaganda was suddenly changed; the League was abruptly transformed from a capitalist bird of prey into a dove of peace; and the Soviet Government applied for admission into an organization which it had so long denounced.

But the military alliance with France, accompanied as it was by a statement that Stalin approved of France's military preparations, may be described without exaggeration as a complete scrapping of Leninism in the international field. After Stalin's statement no French Communist, without risking expulsion from the Party, can criticize French armaments, much less advocate a general strike in the event of war.

Now it is the very essence of Leninist doctrine that every Communist Party must combat with all the means in its power the "capitalism, imperialism, and militarism" of its own country. Throughout the World War no one could vie with Lenin in scorn for Socialists who took sides with one group of belligerents against the other. "Social patriots", "lackeys of the bourgeoisie" were his constant terms of abuse for them. What

Russia, as the sole country which has carried out a Socialist revolution, should do is prescribed by Lenin in the following terms :—

The victory of Socialism is possible in the beginning in one capitalist country. The victorious proletariat of that country, having expropriated the capitalists and organized Socialist production in its own country, would rise against the remaining capitalist world, attracting to itself the oppressed classes of other countries, arousing them to an uprising against the capitalists, coming out, if necessary even with armed force, against the exploiting classes and their states.

This would sound like strange and incomprehensible language in the Russia of Red Fascism of the Thermidorean stage of Stalin's personal dictatorship. What Stalin has done is to tie Russia closely into the existing system of international relations, a system which every Leninist regards as one of capitalism and imperialism, and to give France, and presumably every other country with which the Soviet Union may conclude an alliance, a guarantee against any revolutionary action by domestic Communists, who must dance to Moscow's tune or be expelled from the Party. Under these circumstances it seems safe to predict an early and inglorious death for the Communist International, which is being strangled by the hands that created it. If there are to be any revolutionary movements in Western Europe during the present century they will come about in spite of Moscow, not because of it.

Side by side with the abandonment of international revolutionary goals one can see in Russia the effort to cultivate a kind of Soviet patriotism which would certainly have been discouraged as "petty bourgeois" and generally undesirable a few years ago. *Pravda*, organ of the Communist Party, prints rhapsodic articles about the glories of our "great proletarian fatherland", indistinguishable in general tone and content from the familiar outbursts of national exaltation which are so characteristic of Fascist regimes.

It is not only in the international sphere that Leninism is undergoing revision and that Bolshevik practice is being greatly changed. Inside Russia there is a positively strident official propaganda for material inequality. Bernard Shaw may freely advocate equality of income to a mildly interested, mildly bored, and altogether tolerant British public opinion. But if he should

preach his doctrine in Russia at its present stage of state-capitalist development he might soon find himself behind the barbed-wire of one of the numerous Soviet concentration camps.

The last vestiges of the "workers control" which was written on the banner of Bolshevism in the revolutionary year, 1917, are being abolished in the factories. The "red director" who manages a Soviet industrial or commercial establishment is acquiring more and more the status of an unchallenged "boss"; the Soviet trade unions, which are entirely dominated by the ruling Communist Party and are thus similar in status to labour organizations in Italy and in Germany, are effectively debarred from "meddling" in matters of industrial administration.

All theoretical phrases about the emergence in Russia of a new "classless" society cannot obscure the fact that a new governing class of high Communist officials and directors of state economic enterprise is concentrating in its hands more and more power, and is becoming differentiated from the masses by a markedly higher standard of living. Lenin proclaimed in 1917, as a distinctive and essential feature of the Soviet state, that the salary of a high official should not exceed that of a workman. A mathematically minded correspondent who attended the elaborate Government entertainment which was given on the seventeenth anniversary of the victory of Lenin's revolutionary movement estimated that the gowns worn by wives of Commissars cost about four times the average monthly wage of a Russian worker of the present time. This, of course, is quite in the line of historical precedent. It is almost a commonplace to point to the contrast between the apostolic poverty of the persecuted Christian Church and the pomp of the triumphant Christian Church; and the French Revolution ran its appointed psychological course from the cruel idealistic fanaticism of the years of Terror to the milder and more corrupt atmosphere of the Directory.

It was Mr. John Maynard Keynes, I think, who characterized the first Parliament that met in England after the conclusion of hostilities as "a lot of hard-faced men who looked as if they had done exceedingly well out of the War". There are plenty of hard-faced men in the Soviet Union who have done exceedingly well out of the Revolution. There are OGPU high officials

who have distinguished themselves in manipulating sabotage trials and in sending batches of wretched recruits to forced labour. There are provincial Soviet chairmen who squeezed out the food requirements of the central authorities, regardless of how many peasants might starve to death as a result. There are hard-boiled Soviet captains of industry who drove new industrial enterprises through to completion with scant regard for the provisions of Soviet labour legislation. It is the bureaucracy, made up of such types, that is the main material beneficiary of the Revolution that was theoretically carried out in the name of the workers and peasants. It is the natural, the inevitable aspiration of this bureaucracy for a larger measure of power and privilege that is pushing the Soviet regime along a road very similar to that which France took after the Ninth Thermidor. The Russian Revolution, to be sure, is in no sense an exact copy of the French ; it is not for nothing that a century and a quarter of time, marked by intensive industrial progress and great social changes, lies between these two great upheavals. But the psychology of personal ambition, of personal acquisitiveness can be satisfied, with different methods, under a system of state capitalism just as well as under the individualist system that received such a powerful impetus from the French Revolution.

The swing to the Right in the Soviet Union was strongly documented by the events which followed the assassination of Sergei Kirov, one of Stalin's chief lieutenants, by a Communist named Nikolaev last December. One hundred and seventeen persons, according to Soviet official statements, were put to death at various times after this assassination. In no case was the death sentence preceded by an open trial. These executions quickly demonstrated the hollowness of the pretence that there had been any essential relaxation of terrorism as a Soviet method of administration after the renaming of the Ogpu in the summer of 1934 and the withdrawal from its *collegium*, or directing board, of the right to inflict summary death sentences. The 107 executions which followed the death of Kirov were inflicted by Star Chamber military tribunals, which afforded no more security for the accused than the *collegium* of the Ogpu would have done.

But the most significant fact about the executions was not the new proof of the continuance of terrorism, but the fact that responsibility for the murder was cast on left wing Communists, followers of Zinoviev and Trotsky. The last batch of fourteen persons who were shot consisted of the actual assassin, Nikolaev, and of his alleged accomplices and associates. All these men were Communists, all were under forty. Wholesale arrests among Communists, suspected of dissident views took place at the same time; if previous precedents are any guide the number of arrests far exceeded the number of executions. Stalin took this opportunity to rid himself of two former political opponents, whom he had already broken pretty effectively, Gregory Zinoviev and Leo Kamenev, two of Lenin's oldest disciples and associates. Zinoviev received a sentence of ten years, Kamenev a sentence of five years in prison.

Stalin's "purge" last December was extremely similar in general technique and in some specific details to Hitler's "purge" of June 30 and succeeding days, when Röhm, Heines and a number of other Nazi leaders who were suspected of mutinous designs were shot in summary fashion. This is still another bond of administrative practice between Communism and Fascism. The secret of the method employed in both "purges" was to reverse the process, regarded as normal in the jurisprudence of democratic countries, of first ascertaining and publishing the circumstances and then imposing appropriate penalties. In Russia, as in Germany, the shootings occurred first. Then, with all the victims safely disposed of, it was easy enough to put out official and semi-official statements, accusing the persons who had been executed of every kind of grave offence, from plotting assassination to treasonable correspondence with a foreign power. Verification and disproof in the nature of things were equally impossible.

We do not know, and perhaps shall never know, whether it was a political or a personal grievance that caused the Communist Nikolaev to turn his revolver on the Communist leader Kirov. But it is highly significant of the present-day trend in Russia that the Soviet authorities made every effort to attach the stigma of the assassination to Communists of opposition views. This made it easy for the renamed OGPU to round

up any Communist who might be indulging in indiscreet criticism of the growing inequality within Russia, or of the substitution of a nationalist for an international policy in foreign relations.

How far Russia will be carried by the new trend toward nationalism and inequality remains to be seen. One factor that makes sweeping shifts and striking reversals of policy easy in Russia is the crushing weight of Stalin's personal dictatorship. The last traces of open dissent within the Communist Party ranks have been eliminated; it is no longer possible, as it was in the first years of the Revolution, to thresh out disputed points of theory and practice before an open forum of all the Party members. A Communist who thinks aloud independently is almost automatically qualified for expulsion from the Party. Consequently it is a simple matter for Stalin and his associates in the seats of power to brand as "counter-revolutionaries" Communists who may only be upholding some of Lenin's original ideas, such as the obligation of solidarity with revolutionary workers in other countries or the desirability of limiting a government official to the standard of living of a worker. It is therefore possible that the Russian Thermidor may go quite far. Especially in the event of war, Russia may experience a Brumaire as well as a Thermidor; the Red Army has been gaining in power and prestige as a result of the intensive militarization of the country during recent years, and a Red Bonapartism may be the climax of the present phase of Red Fascism.

What are the broad implications of the new era in Soviet development? In some respects the scrapping of revolutionary extremist dogmatism will undoubtedly be for the benefit of the Russian people. Soviet educational standards have unmistakably risen during recent years, as a result of the abandonment of half-baked experiments, the restoration of marks and examinations, the resumption of teaching by subjects, with emphasis on the imparting of precise knowledge, and the extension of the disciplinary powers of the teachers.

Stalin's present tendency to limit, if not to suppress altogether, Communist propaganda outside of Russia, while bad Leninism, is good common sense and is calculated to diminish the tension that has always existed on this issue between the Soviet Union

and other countries. The discouragement of the palpably idiotic efforts to inculcate " Leninism in Medicine " or " Marxism in Mathematics ", so fashionable and popular a few years ago, is all to the good, so is the official encouragement of the classics.

There is also promise in the tardy awakening of Stalin and his associates to the realization of the fact that individual personality is of primary importance in the efficient functioning of any social and economic system. An enormous amount of quite needless misery, bungling and incompetence could have been averted in Russia since the Revolution if it had been made a penal offence to ask anyone what his class origin was, and if preferment in the state service had been granted strictly in accordance with training and ability.

One often felt that just the reverse process was being followed, and that the strict dogmatic insistence that children of manual workers should always and under all circumstances be given precedence over children of educated middle-class families led to a most unfortunate kind of inverted caste system, which inevitably, in many cases, repressed ability and placed a premium on mediocrity and incompetence. It would be premature to say that this harmful system has been abandoned. But the repeated references to the importance of the individual in recent speeches by Stalin, Kaganovitch and other Soviet leaders indicates that the very complexity of the new Soviet economic and technical problems is breaking down the original dogma of the dictatorship of the proletariat and that, in time, something like equality of opportunity for Soviet citizens of all classes may be realized.

But not all the omens of the new era in Russia are favourable. The flaming fanatical idealism of the early period of the Revolution is visibly and rapidly evaporating. Communists who have " arrived ", who have reached the high posts of the new regime are increasingly concerned about their personal ease and comfort, increasingly disposed to lend a ready ear to Stalin's comforting doctrine that " equalization in the sphere of consumption and personal life is reactionary petty-bourgeois nonsense, worthy of some primitive sect of ascetics, but not of a Socialist society ". But the cruel methods which were an integral part of the psychology of fanatical idealism, which were originally justified

as necessary to protect the Revolution against attack from without and corruption from within, still remain.

One sees no gains in the field of personal or civil liberty. The renaming of the Ogpu was quickly discounted by the promulgation of the ferocious law that authorized the punishment of innocent relatives of any Soviet citizen who fled from the country, and by the wholesale executions without open trial that followed the assassination of Kirov. At the time of writing reliable private advices from Moscow indicate that the spring of 1935 was marked by sweeping arbitrary arrests in Moscow, Leningrad, and other large Russian cities. The arrests, as usual, affected people of widely different classes and backgrounds. Two victims with whom I was personally acquainted were a Bulgarian Communist, who had been in more than a score of gaols in the Balkans and in America and whose revolutionary integrity was beyond any question, and a highly skilled dentist who was completely aloof from any kind of political activity. The self-perpetuating nature of arbitrary methods of administration, the impossibility of curbing them after they have become ingrained in the nature of a system is constantly receiving new illustration in Russia.

Besides renaming the Ogpu the Soviet Government made another gesture in the direction of greater liberalization. Early in 1935 Premier Molotov announced that elections to the Soviets would henceforward be carried out on the basis of secret, not open voting; that the method of election to the All-Union Congresses of Soviets would be direct, not indirect, as formerly, and that the system of representation under which the representation of the towns was five times as large, in proportion to the population, as that of the villages would be abolished.

These changes are calculated to impress only persons who are quite unfamiliar with Soviet conditions. It is noteworthy that neither Mussolini nor Hitler has found it necessary to institute open voting, indirect parliamentary elections or unequal suffrage as between different classes of the population, in order to maintain a thorough-going dictatorship. The roots of Soviet absolutism are not in the methods and institutions which have been changed. They are in the complete prohibition of any kind of organized political criticism or opposition, within or

without the ranks of the Communist Party, in the complete governmental control of every printed word, most of all, perhaps, in the right of the OGPU to arrest and banish any Soviet citizen without open trial. There has been no sign of change in any of these fundamental principles of revolutionary despotism.

Just because power is so much concentrated under a regime of state capitalism and state landlordism, the normal agencies of democratic control are even more necessary in order to safeguard the masses against oppression and exploitation. Perhaps there will be no more famines in Russia. But innumerable acts of injustice, great and small, affecting whole communities or individual families, will inevitably take place so long as the elementary protections of civil liberty are absent under the Soviet system.

Communist sympathisers, of course, take pride in the fact that their system has made a clean sweep of private ownership of property in the means of production. It is perhaps questionable whether it is a matter of much concern to the average workman whether he is regimented through a Soviet trade union or through a Fascist syndicate: whether he must deal with a private employer, responsible to a distant board of directors or with a Soviet state manager, equally intent on making profits and responsible to an equally far away board of a state trust, in the selection of which the workman has no voice whatever.

Another original distinction between Fascism and Communism that is likely to become more or less obliterated with time is that the former attracted recruits mainly from the middle class, the latter from the working class. But the second generation of Soviet bureaucrats will most probably reveal a high proportion of children of the first. The sweep into posts of power and authority of the proletariat is not likely to be a continuing process. On the other hand, with the passing of time it seems quite likely that the working class in Italy and in Germany will be more and more integrated into the Fascist systems of those countries.

One difference which sets off the Russian system, which seems to be assuming the contours of Red Fascism, from the German and especially from the Italian is that it has been enormously more destructive. One could wander through the

villages of Italy and Germany without finding that many people had suffered as a result of the changes in government. In Russia, on the other hand, especially in its naturally rich and extensive southern and south-eastern provinces, one could not stop long in a village without hearing of at least a score of tragedies as a result of the violent imposition of collective farming, of families that had been driven from their homes, of others that had been decimated by famine.

A Soviet official communiqué, published in the summer of 1933, to the effect that 71,000 prisoners had received partial or complete amnesty after the completion of the canal between the Baltic and the White Seas, a canal constructed entirely by forced labour, under the supervision of the OGPU, is of interest to students of comparative terrorism. The most severe critics of Hitler's regime would not estimate the number of inmates of German concentration camps at the present time at anywhere near 71,000. And this official Soviet figure referred to only a *part* of the prisoners in *one* of Russia's numerous places of exile and forced labour.

Russia in its era of Red Fascism, like France in the period after the Ninth Thermidor, seems destined to retain some of the more unpleasant features of revolutionary terror and espionage without the gleam of fanatical idealism that lit up the first years of the social upheaval. Still, the change represents a step forward toward realism and sobriety from the Utopian follies and gigantic cruelties of the First Five Year Plan.

Russia's significance as a beacon of hope for the forces of violent discontent in other countries seems likely to diminish to the vanishing point. Moscow seems certain to lose its magnetism as Bolshevism continues to retreat from many of its original ideals, as it becomes evident that foreign Communist Parties are little more than catspaws of Soviet foreign policy, and as the essential features of Soviet domestic and foreign policy assume more and more the characteristics of Fascism, with a veneer of Red phraseology.

LIFE ON THE DOLE

BY HUGH MASSINGHAM

THOSE observers who attended the debate on unemployment before Parliament rose must, I feel, have come away with three distinct and rather disheartening impressions. The first is that no party has any real policy for the distressed areas. The second is that each party seems to derive a curious satisfaction from contemplating the failure of its opponents. And thirdly, that few members of the House seemed to have any idea of the terrible human tragedy that is being played out in South Wales, Tyneside, and the Clyde.

The ignorance of the members of the House of Commons as to what is happening, in terms of human life, in the distressed areas is shared by the general public, and is especially widespread in the South of England. A clerk who works in the city, who lives, say, in the suburbs and who spends his holiday either abroad or at the seaside, has no opportunity of seeing distress at first-hand. Even the physical appearance of the North, its bleakness, its rows of black and impersonal houses, the incredible ugliness of the architecture, may be unknown to him. "This place", said a friend of mine, referring to Hebburn-on-the-Tyne, "wants civilizing". That is literally true, and has to be taken into account in any serious consideration of unemployment. Hebburn, Jarrow, almost any industrial town in the North, was the creation of the Victorian employer, and the workers have been living ever since in an atmosphere of squalor and ugliness. Culturally many towns in the North have been dead for years. Take Hebburn, for instance. Huge profits must have been made there at one time, but the employers who made them never lived in Hebburn, and took themselves and their money elsewhere. The result is that there are no big houses, no fine monuments, no art gallery, nothing, in fact, but mean houses and mean streets. The contrast between Hebburn and Durham,

which is only a few miles away, is startling. Durham has a magnificent cathedral, one of the finest in England, and the whole place seems to have been inspired by it. The people are courteous, the houses are pleasing, the hotels quiet, restful, and furnished in good taste. Hebburn, never having had an aristocracy of any kind, not even a commercial one, has no contact with the past. The difference between the two towns is therefore not merely a question of degree: Hebburn has never been civilized.

Hence the appalling spiritual desolation. The barbaric conditions of life in the industrial North were always a scandal, always a menace, but it is only now that we are beginning to see the full effect of them. While a man was in work, he had his games, his club in the shape of the public-house, a social life of sorts; all that has now gone, and he has nothing spiritual to fall back upon. "Nothing" is no exaggeration, since the church and chapel, the only places which once maintained an artistic, cultural, and spiritual standard have lost a great deal of their influence; indeed in some areas they have virtually ceased to have any influence at all. What is going to take their place? No one knows, and it is a desperately serious question. The chapel, with all its faults, was once the centre of a community, and the people who went to it, who sang there, who subscribed to the same moral code, shared to some extent a common life and outlook. The unemployed who have left the chapel have found nowhere else to go, and are aimlessly drifting. Even sport, which would be a poor substitute in any case, is not bringing people together, helping to fill up the vacuum. While I was on Tyneside, I found very little interest in sport for sport's sake. It seemed to me very significant that when a team began to lose matches its "gate" promptly began to grow smaller: when the club began to go up in the League table, the number of its supporters automatically rose. Loyalties, old and new, were disappearing.

These are generalities, and it is important when talking of the depressed areas not to make sweeping assertions. Towns, even in the same area, differ greatly. South Wales, which always had a strong and distinct cultural and spiritual life of its own, has resisted despair more stoutly than has the Tyneside. Indeed there is a sense in which it would be possible to draw a

cheerful picture of the effects of unemployment. In some places it has drawn people together ; men who live sharing the same poverty, fighting the same despair, often learn to understand and love one another. I could give many instances of generosity and kindness and self-denial. One man whom I met while I was on Tyneside and who has since become my friend, speaks always of his daughter : all his thoughts are for her ; every spare penny is spent on her. " I have nothing to live for now ", he has said to me, " except to get her out of all this ". That man is only thirty-five, and already he speaks of his life as finished.

Or take the fishermen at Yarmouth. These men are not eligible for the dole, and when they are out of work, they are often too proud to ask for assistance. Their heroism is incredible. I have been shown cases where men have sold practically every stick of furniture rather than face the " disgrace " of making an application to the Public Assistance Committee. One man, when his time came, had no boots to take him there.

But it was their kindness one to another, rather than their heroism, that made the deepest impression on me. These men are bound together by the strongest of ties ; they have all shared the same dangers at sea. Even in the days of prosperity there was always the feeling that a man must help his neighbour, and bad times have greatly strengthened it. The fortunate among them give without stint. Employers, knowing how reluctant their hands are to ask for help, have been known to pay periodical visits to their old employees and to insist upon giving them money, clothes, and food. In fact, this is the only area I know where distress has drawn everybody together and not bred hatreds between class and class, or created, as in some other parts of England, a gulf between workers and workless.

There is, too, another good side to unemployment that deserves to be stressed. Many men have gone under, and, so far as I could judge, will never recover. Others have gradually succeeded in building up a new philosophical outlook on life and have at last won through to a fine spirituality. I met frequent instances of this in South Wales. One must remember that when a man in a distressed area becomes unemployed and is round about the forties, he knows that he will never find work again. That is an appalling fact to have to face, and those who have gone through

the experience have been greatly changed in the process. Some go to the wall ; others emerge richer and finer personalities. Let me give an instance of a man who was changed for the better. He had taken me through some of the worst parts of South Wales, and on the way back I began to question him as to the effect of unemployment upon himself. He was, he said, sixty years old, and he had been out of work since 1925. " When I first became unemployed ", he went on, " I thought I should go mad. I had never been out of work before, and I had always earned very good money. I had rarely had anything to worry me. But now I did not know how to get through my day. I had always got up at six o'clock in the morning and for the first two months or so I continued to do so. Then I began to change my habits. I found that by the time I had cooked my breakfast and made my bed—which took me about an hour—I had nothing else to do. So I began to stay in bed later and later. My whole mind was now concentrated upon delaying my breakfast as late as possible. I dawdled over dressing, doing my hair over and over again. I had, of course, very little money for my breakfast, but I used to take fully an hour to spend it. I used to pay a visit to every shop, look at everything in the windows, and weigh up carefully whether I should buy myself a herring or a sausage.

" You see, I was a very ordinary person, who had never had any life outside the mine and the public-house. I had never read very much, or thought about anything very deeply, and I now found that I had no intellectual pursuits to fill up my time. Then one day I visited the social centre there. I began to attend lectures, read books, learn a craft. The centre has completely changed my life. I have very little money, but I am happy, and I lead a fuller life than ever I did when I was working. I no longer regard unemployment as a curse. I no longer want work for work's sake, only for the extra money it would bring me. As far as I am concerned unemployment has been a blessing ".

That man was one of the most serene persons I have ever met, but at the same time he had his share of that intellectual pride which one finds everywhere in South Wales. The men I met on Tyneside were humble, lethargic, devitalized. They were pathetically grateful for anything that was done for them, but they seemed to me to have very little to contribute themselves.

They showed little interest in anything. They had no clear-cut views about society, and very few even about unemployment. The majority of the men I spoke to had never heard of the Douglas credit scheme, took no interest in foreign affairs, and seemed only anxious to be left alone. They were a tired, pathetic lot—the Hollow Men of the North—and seemed to me to have no roots, and therefore no hope in the future. There are, of course, Communists in Tyneside as there are in all the distressed areas, and they were as vocal and specious as they are elsewhere. But as far as I could judge, Communist propaganda has made little headway, and the great mass of the unemployed took no notice of it. The same is even truer of Yarmouth. The fishermen there are not politically minded; they know little about economics, and hold no views about unemployment in general.

There would naturally be exceptions to these generalities, but they would not in any way invalidate the comparison I am making between South Wales and Tyneside and Yarmouth. In South Wales everybody has made an effort to understand the problems of the modern world. Communist propaganda has made real headway; hundreds have become converts, while the rest approach most political problems with a Marxist attitude.

South Wales has been in this state for over a decade, and having called to God and received only the echo of its own opinions, has come to believe that it has discovered the real solution to everything. I was surprised to find that even the most trite Conservative thought came as a revelation to my companions. They were completely nonplussed, ludicrously surprised that anybody could believe that Marx had not said the last word on everything. They had picked up all the Communist jargon, and had a slogan for every question. “The Solidarity of the Working Classes”, “The Materialistic Conception of History”, “The Economics of Capitalism”—how readily the phrases rolled off the tongue and how difficult they found it to argue when they were forced off these familiar and clear-cut paths of thought!

The South Wales miners are naturally intelligent, so intelligent as compared with other sections of the working class that visitors have often remarked upon it. Before the war they were only interested in one thing, religion; and although the power of the chapel has waned, they still bring a religious passion to life.

They have thought continuously and sincerely about a world that has apparently thrown them on the scrap-heap, and they have come to the conclusion that it is carnal and material. Probably no argument will change their view, and certainly it is no part of my intention to discuss how this attitude could be changed. My concern is with other matters. It seems to me serious that men should live in such a closed intellectual atmosphere, that they should so rarely hear any other view but their own. One result has been the curious intellectual pride that I have already mentioned. Those men who have left the chapel and who now feel that the world can only be cured by political action never doubt that they have found the solution to all our economic troubles, and that all who differ from them either cannot think or have some very good reason for not wishing to think.

What, then, are their solutions? I think the answer to that question is important, partly because it throws an interesting light upon the mentality which the statesman has to deal with, and partly because it shows what a fine type of man there is in South Wales. There is first of all the Communist solution, which is, of course, the same in the Rhondda as anywhere else. Apart from that there are a host of other ideas, which, although of no practical value, illustrate the idealistic passion that these men bring to bear on social problems. It is an idealism that will respond to real leadership, as I found more than once during my stay there. The danger is that it may be diverted into the wrong channels. For years these men have been left to get along as best they could, and very naturally they have come to feel that there is something inherently wrong with a society that cannot provide them with work and appears indifferent to their existence. Soft words, patriotic appeals, vague promises will be treated as a further proof of dishonesty and corruption, and therefore increase revolutionary sentiment. On the other hand, I am convinced that if they were approached in the right way, if they felt sure that they were not going to be exploited, they would give themselves unstintingly, as they did in 1914.

Let me illustrate what I mean by giving the views of a group of men I met shortly after my arrival in South Wales. The meeting took place in one of the clubs that the men have formed

themselves, and I was taken there by its chairman. The place turned out to be a large room, furnished with one long table, a few chairs, and a carpenter's bench at which about a dozen men were working when we entered. I found no difficulty in talking to them. On the Tyne it is hard to open a conversation, hard to keep it going, and well-nigh impossible to thrash out an argument to its conclusion. In South Wales everybody holds strong views on every conceivable subject, has learnt to express them vividly and imaginatively, and is always eager to explain them. Good conversation is an art that these men appreciate.

We wasted no time on pleasant preliminaries, and began at once to discuss the government's training and instructional centres. I was surprised to find that everybody believed they were disguised "concentration camps", and nothing I could say in their defence shook what is evidently a very deep-rooted conviction. Is there some real substance in their charges, or were the men merely echoing Communist propaganda? Any short and dogmatic answer would be misleading. I had seen enough of the Government centres to know that these stories of bad food and brutal treatment were untrue, and that to describe them as "concentration camps" was ludicrous. In the camps I had visited the food was plain but plentiful, the work sensible and useful, while the officials were undoubtedly kind, conscientious, and efficient. Why, then, did the men believe that the camps were disguised "concentration camps"? The question worried me considerably. The men's hostility was not entirely due to Communist propaganda, and it was some time before I began to get at the real reason. It is, I am sure, the strict discipline that they object to, and I came away from South Wales wondering if it would not be possible for the Government to give them a greater share in the management of the camps.

But even more interesting than this attitude to the training and instructional centres was their approach to the various social problems of our time. After we had been talking for half an hour or so, the conversation became general; I ceased to feel like a coconut under fire from a hundred different directions, and turning to the man on my left, I began to ask him some questions about his life. "What has saved me", he said, "is my allotment", and taking me to the window, he showed me where it

was and began to talk enthusiastically about how he had raised his first crop of vegetables. Imagine my surprise then, when, speaking of land settlement, he said that he would feel bound to refuse a smallholding if it were offered to him. "You see", he said, noting my astonishment, "it would be immoral of me to have one. If I were to grow my own potatoes, I should be putting a man out of work in Ireland".

I soon discovered that this remark was by no means Welsh bravado. These men have become so impressed by the fact that their own industry, the coal trade, has declined because of the shrinkage of foreign markets, and they are so convinced that it cannot revive unless there is an increase in world trade, that they now approach almost every problem from an international point of view. The fierce nationalistic spirit on the Continent worried them not a bit, as I soon learnt when I began to talk about modern Germany. Supposing that, by some remote chance, Hitler refused to take off the restrictions on our exports, were they still prepared to sit still and wait for a better future? "You see, this is what we'd do with Hitler", said one man who was obviously speaking for all. "We'd convert him. We'd go over and explain things to him." Convert him! I suddenly had a highly diverting vision of these earnest men, painfully but patiently explaining the gospel to an apoplectic Nazi audience. "And if Herr Hitler refused to be converted?" Their uneasy silence showed that this eventuality had hardly occurred to them.

Their views on home politics were a little more solid. They were highly contemptuous of Mr. Lloyd George's "New Deal", and when I asked for the reason, they replied that "tinkering with the system" was no good; half-hearted measures would only "make things worse in the end". A reference to the recent dole changes roused them to a vigorous and united protest. I confess that I felt far too strongly in agreement with them to argue on this point. The dole means a pitifully low standard of life, and to bring forward new regulations which in many cases meant a drastic reduction in the family income was a grave political blunder; in my view the changes were carried out hurriedly, stupidly, and inhumanly. I am told that they roused South Wales to a man, and even when I was there, the feeling of resentment was still intense.

They had many stories to tell me of men who had fallen out of benefit through concealing petty sums, and still more of men who had concealed something and then gone about in terror lest they should be found out. The obvious answer to these complaints was to point out the folly of not telling the truth. It was a remark I found impossible to make to men who are living on so low a standard of life. However well they may manage, something unexpected invariably turns up—a child falls ill, for instance—and the household begins to get into debt. Who, under these circumstances, would resist the temptation of earning an extra shilling or two?

Continued unemployment in South Wales has, indeed, produced a proud spirit of rebellion and a deep-rooted suspicion of the motives of society, for which society, not the men, are responsible. Useful work, I think, can only be done if we realize that the unemployed have a legitimate grievance and that it is because of our indifference in the past that there is so much sturdy opposition today. If approached in that spirit and by men that they trust, these men are capable of a self-sacrifice, a self-denial that would put the more comfortable sections of society to shame. I remember well going down to a workhouse in the Rhondda and attending a concert given by the local unemployed to the inmates. The choir had spent three months practising in order to give a little pleasure to those even more unfortunate than themselves. The memory of it—of the earnest, quiet, sad faces of the choir singing there in that bare hall to an enraptured audience—moves me still. There are other instances. In this same village a group of unemployed gave up their whole time for six months and worked without pay, pulling down two of the worst slum houses in the place and building new ones.

As I got into the train that night, I could not help thinking that if society fully realized what fine human material was being wasted, what spiritual and physical suffering was going on, it would act at once, no matter what the cost. And society would do well to listen for other reasons. It is political madness to reduce men to the state where they have “nothing to lose but our chains”.

A JAPANESE WORKMAN AT HOME

BY GÜNTHER STEIN, TOKYO

I HAD been inspecting a shirt-making factory at Osaka. As usual, the fussy secretiveness of the owner, who was anxious to conceal from the foreign visitor both the pitiful disorder reigning in his commercial departments and the serene efficiency of the workshops, had annoyed me. It was no longer news to me that the Japanese do wonders with their hands and collapse before a row of figures. To any one familiar with the snail's pace at which the wheels of Japanese business are apt to move, it is a constant mystery that they are able to export at all, let alone to beat experienced Western merchants all over the world. Every simple addition or subtraction is done several times over on the little counting rods, often with widely divergent results. At the General Post Office at Tokyo, to say nothing of provincial places, the purchase of stamps is a painful transaction. During the rush hour a long queue of customers collects in front of the counter. A diminutive office-boy is asking for a quantity of stamps of three or four different denominations, and offers a ro-Yen note. The official takes the bank-note, changes it for himself into small coins, and after an exciting struggle with the counting rod, pays varying sums into a number of small drawers, each containing both stamps and coins of one type. If the day is lucky, the sum total will tally with the figure stated on the messenger's slip. If not, the battle begins anew.

It was six o'clock, the end of the ten-hours' shift. The workers, a few men among a little army of young girls, were departing in their thin cotton kimonos and wooden sandals. On my way out into the crowded street I bumped into a hurrying workman. I apologized, and was immediately in for the tortuous ceremony of mutual introduction. In the midst of a throng of people rushing home, we bowed three times from the waist, and I produced my visiting card, which the man raised reverently

to his bowed forehead, drawing in the air between his teeth with the correct sigh of delight. He was full of excuses for having left his own card at home, which in Japan amounts almost to being half-dressed. The omission was fortunate for me, because my new acquaintance insisted that I should come to his house to receive his card.

We walked through a maze of village-like lanes, filled with incredible crowds of playing children, shouting pedlars, and shopping housewives. In the stuffy cul-de-sac where my friend lived, a mass of children and young girls were assembled round the magic box of an ambulant story-teller. He was a picturesque person with an enormous, completely bald head, fiery eyes, and a long, white beard. Chanting his tale with a voice which was now gentle music, now booming thunder, he held up successive illustrations, in the form of old coloured prints mixed with American picture-postcards and newspaper cuttings, for the audience to see. In short, I was looking in at the poor man's cinema, vastly appreciated by the young folk.

My friend's house was distinguished among the rest by having two storeys. The front room had been transformed into a primitive shop simply by removing the sliding door. Here his wife sold cheap cigarettes, writing paper and sweets. While the host went inside to get the all-important visiting card, the pretty mistress, heavily made up under her tower of glossy black hair, made the prescribed apologies, with many bowings and affected bashfulness, for the deficiencies of her poor house and its unworthy occupants. Four small children were gaping in speechless amazement at the uncommon visitor. The eldest girl of about five was carrying the youngest baby on her back, and from time to time jolted him to one side in order to give him a better view of the spectacle.

When we had once more gone through the formalities attached to receiving a name card, and I had deciphered the name of my host as Mr. Ishikawa, we settled down to tea. There were more courtesies when the sister-in-law, Miss Chrysanthemum, appeared with the tray. I was glad to be with people devoted to the old traditions. There is an increasing number of workmen who neglect the ceremonial of Japanese social life ; but my new friend, with his little tuck shop, would never agree to branding himself

a mere proletarian by abandoning the symbols of education. In that respect he is typical of the class which produces most of the cheap export manufactures. In one way or the other they are generally more than employees, having some little enterprise of their own beside the job at the factory. The well-kept house shrine for the ancestors, and a second shrine for the sun goddess, showed that traditions meant something to the family.

For a long time Mr. Ishikawa, with his grave, intelligent smile, questioned me about my own country, the purpose of my visit to Japan, and my qualifications for the study of economic matters. Although his features remained unmoved throughout, the inevitable "*so deska?*"—is that so?—became more and more vivid as the talk went on. At last it was my turn to make inquiries. How did they live? Pencil and paper were brought from the shop, and *viribus unitis* we set about the difficult task of calculation.

Mr. Ishikawa, it appeared, earned 1 Yen 20 Sen—1s. 5½d.—a day; making, with one holiday every fortnight, about £2 1s. a month. Miss Chrysanthemum, with a daily wage of sevenpence, brought home about 16s. 6d. a month. The net profit from the shop was approximately 14s. 6d. Thus the family income amounted to £3 12s. per month, or about 16s. 7d. per week, sufficient to maintain three grown-ups and four children without apparent hardship. I was told with some emphasis that the family was by no means one of the poorest, having three breadwinners in employment.

The next point was expenditure. It appeared that rice was the largest single item in the household budget, with 23s. a month. They consumed about two and a quarter pounds a day at twopence a pound, which is the cheapest quality available. All other foodstuffs, of which fish was the chief item, totalled only 8s. 6d. a month. With frequent bursts of laughter, but with visible pride, the hostess described the menus of their daily meals. Breakfast consists of tea and a soup of fermented bean paste (*miso*) with a little rice. For luncheon, the master and Miss Chrysanthemum take baskets of cold rice and pickled vegetable. They make their tea in the factory, and usually put the rice into the teapot to make it hot. Wife and children eat the same midday meal at home. The evening dinner consists of

hot rice, again with pickles, such as cabbage, ginger or radishes, with an addition of bean curd or fish spiced with soya sauce.

Clothing is a simple problem. The thin cotton kimonos, the more colourful the younger the wearer, cost little and last long. All the spare garments of the family were hanging openly along the walls : jacket and trousers for the man, one or two quilted winter kimonos, underwear and socks, and the simple wooden sandals. Altogether their clothing costs them about 1s. per head per month.

The next question, the rent of the house, caused excited discussions. They pay 19s. 6d. to the landlord every month, and deeply resent the fact that he can recover the cost of site and building within three or four years. The large profit made out of house property is, in fact, a serious social problem in Japan. The little wooden dwelling of four small rooms for which my friends paid more than a quarter of their income was hardly a satisfactory home. Only a few of the windows were glazed ; the rest, with the sliding doors between rooms, were filled in with paper, a constant source of conflict between parents and unruly children who love to pierce holes into them with their fingers. Heating and cooking arrangements consist of a few earthenware bowls filled with glowing charcoal. The only luxury is the electric light. Expenses for heating and lighting come to about 4s. 10d. a month.

There remains something like eight shillings for sundry expenditure. The subscription for the health insurance is 1s. a month. The greater part of the rest is spent on the daily visit of the whole family to the public baths. For the poor of Japan the bath is not only a hygienic duty, but one of the few entertainments in a monotonous life. In the large cities men and women no longer bathe together ; but the opportunity for gossip unhampered by the presence of the other sex is usually counted an advantage. The men are standing in the cleaning basins, soaping, brushing, and pouring hot water over themselves out of wooden bowls ; they massage each other with birches ; they rest sitting in the heated pool. All the time discussion is going on about private and public affairs. The public bath is Japan's debating club. It is often the poor man's only chance of social intercourse outside the family circle.

Visits to the cinema are rare, for the 1½d. entrance fee is not easily spared. Mr. Ishikawa, being a man of sobriety and principles, may be assumed to drink *saké* and to visit the Yoshiwara of the poor less frequently than other workmen. So no real difficulty arises in making both ends meet. The annual bonus for efficiency granted by the employer pays for the obligatory presents and entertainments of New Year's Week, when the factory is closed and men are free. If business in the shop is brisk, or the beloved sweepstake has produced a windfall, the family may even undertake a pilgrimage, less pious than enjoyable, to a distant temple at cherry-blossom time.

Altogether their life seemed to be very different from the picture of sweated labour which Western readers are apt to obtain from the figures of wages paid in Japan. It is not that the cost of living is very much lower than it is in the West. The point is rather that Japanese traditions of social life make it possible to impart some dignity and grace to an existence which lacks what in the West appear to be the bare necessities of human comfort. If Mr. Ishikawa regrets anything, it is his inability to afford a higher education for his children. But he is not discontented with his lot while he and his family have health, religion and work.

WHAT NEXT IN INDIA?

BY ARTHUR MOORE

NOW that the long contention has ceased and the Government of India Bill is on the Statute Book, people home from India are continually being asked "Will it work?" "What will India be like in a few years' time?" and "Will it be a good place to work in? Would you send a son there?"

Let us, before we get on with the new love, throw a glance backward on the old. The Montagu Constitution, which in a few months will pass away into history, was built to serve for ten years. Actually it has lasted for fifteen. Many have now forgotten the fierceness of the fight over the Montagu Bill during 1919. It was shorter than the storm which has raged since the autumn of 1930, when the Round Table Conference was announced on the heels of the publication of the Simon Report, but it was terrible in its violence. Within the Coalition Government itself most of the Conservatives disliked their colleague, Mr. Montagu, the Minister responsible, and they hated his Bill. Outside it, Parliament and platform rang with denunciation, and the correspondence columns of *The Times* were frequently full of eloquent and logical exposures by experienced administrators of the folly of Mr. Lionel Curtis's abhorred invention, dyarchy. Dyarchy, we were told, was something that in the whole history of the world never had worked, never could work, and never would work. It was indeed the devil; and that the British Parliament should actually pass a Bill admitting and establishing this principle could be explained only by the fact that Mr. Montagu's inspiration was, in Mr. Gandhi's phrase, satanic or that the Cabinet was suffering from dementia.

Dyarchy, it may be recalled, was the name given to the system of divided responsibility set up for the governments of the Indian provinces. One section of each provincial government was to consist of Ministers depending on the support of a majority

in their Legislative Council. The policy of the departments transferred to the control of these Ministers would therefore be in the last resort controlled by a Legislature the majority of which consisted of elected representatives. The other section of Government consisted of "Members" of Government, whose position remained unaffected by a hostile vote of the Legislature, and who could only be removed by the Governor. He in turn was responsible only to the Viceroy and the Government of India, while these again were responsible only to the Secretary of State and the British Cabinet, and through them to Parliament and the electorate of Great Britain. Thus nine Cabinets were set up in India and Burma each consisting of two sets of people. One set was ultimately responsible to the British electorate, six thousand miles away, an electorate fully literate and by democratic standards highly intelligent, but practically completely ignorant of and equally uninterested in provincial issues in India, and swayed as regards its vote by quite other considerations. The other set was ultimately responsible to an Indian electorate elected on a limited franchise.

Looked at through one kind of spectacles, such an arrangement could well be described as fantastic and unworkable. Looked at through different glasses it was seen to be the only possible means of practical transition from a government responsible to British public opinion to a government responsible to Indian opinion. The other choices were, on the one hand, to refuse to admit any element of real self-government into provincial administration and to continue indefinitely to offer the Indian public no more than the right to elect representatives for purely deliberate and consultative functions, or to wash out the British electorate altogether and transfer the whole responsibility to Indian soil, as had been done in the case of Canada first and subsequently of other colonies. The former position could at the best be only temporary; we had for long been committed to abandoning it sooner or later—and Indian opinion certainly expected it sooner. The latter position British opinion was definitely not prepared to sanction. Hence, Mr. Curtis's dyarchy, which, it should be remembered, was introduced into provincial government only. The Government of India under the Montagu Constitution received the addition of a Legislature, in one

Chamber of which the majority of members were elected, not nominated ; but it remained both in whole and in part entirely irremovable by any vote of the Legislature, its responsibility being to the Viceroy and through him to the Secretary of State, Parliament, and the British electorate.

The Montagu Constitution set to sea in heavy weather. It had all the appearance of

“ that ill-fated barque,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.”

The dark curses of the British diehards and the Indian Congress mingled in a fierce blast of denunciation, and dyarchy was their common object of derision. But the Congress boycotted the first elections, and by thus eliminating a large measure of the ill-will made smooth the path for dyarchy for the first three years. There was no crisis anywhere, and although there was also no new heaven or new earth, Ministers did quite a lot. Trouble began in 1924 when the Congress, tacitly admitting the reality of the new era, entered the Councils. In Bengal and in the Central Provinces the Ministers were defeated, and since the Congress party refused to accept office, it proved impossible to replace them. But this, like every other difficulty which has arisen, had been foreseen and provided for by the framers of the Act. In the proceedings of the Muddiman Committee, which enquired into the working of the Act during the first five years, will be found the phrase that in one province it worked “ creakily ”. But even where it creaked it worked. The Governors of the Central Provinces and Bengal simply retransferred these “ transferred departments ” back from responsible Ministers to irremovable Members, and carried on till such time as it was possible to find Ministers whom the Legislatures would support. In both provinces the time came, and dyarchy functioned without further interruption. In the Central Provinces a Congress leader became a Minister, and for a whole summer was Governor of the Province during the absence of Sir Montagu Butler.

It is too early to call India's youthful constitution, which is now closing, a sweet-scented manuscript. The historian is, however, likely to pick it out as one of the most remarkable pieces of British statecraft. It faced the whirlwind of Mr. Gandhi's two

successive civil disobedience campaigns, the first at its launching, the second ten years later. No emergency ever defeated its machinery. Not once did an unforeseen crisis arise. Throughout its Legislatures held the attention of the country, and whether the Congress participated or not, provided a forum for debate which gave the lie to Congress assertions and wore down Congress claims. It has provided a measure of real education in self-government and democratic politics, and has equipped India with a number, still far too small but already by no means inconsiderable, of men fitted to serve their country in public life, and to make representative institutions a means of social betterment.

In two ways the new Act seems to start under fairer auspices than its predecessor. It was a serious drawback to the Montagu Constitution that it was stamped from the start as a transitory ten-year affair. It has indeed lasted longer than it was meant to, but with such a time clause attached to it there was no possibility that the breath of agitation would ever be stilled. From the outset all interests were manœuvring for position in the next phase. The new Constitution can be modified as time passes, but need never be repealed, and is so far-reaching that it may well keep the energy of Indian politicians for years to come fully occupied in working it. A second apparent advantage is that whereas the passing of the Montagu Act was followed by Mr. Gandhi's first great campaign of civil disobedience, in this case his campaign has preceded it. India is at present sick of civil disobedience, far too exhausted by it and too mindful of its folly and waste and ignominious collapse to respond easily in any near future to any urging in that direction.

The British reader must please grasp clearly that, although the new Act provides for autonomous provincial government and for a federal central Government, only one portion of the Act, the provincial portion, will begin to come into operation next year. The federal portion must wait until the rulers of enough Indian States to make it workable have arranged the terms on which their particular state is to federate. That may take several years, and meantime the Central Government will remain as at present, irremovable by the Legislatures. The Central Legislature will also remain as at present. A new Assembly met

last January and its normal term runs till the autumn of 1937.

The actual separation of Burma from India and the accompanying financial adjustments are also likely to take some time. But in the existing Indian provinces the first elections for the Legislatures under the new Act should be held in the autumn of 1936, and the Legislatures meet by the beginning of 1937. As far as one can see at present all parties will seek representation. With the abolition of dyarchy the transfer of power is so real that any party which boycotted the elections would simply commit suicide, and in any case belief in the virtue of boycott has waned. The Congress party is unlikely to have a majority in the Punjab, Bengal, the North-West Frontier, or the new province of Sind, and in some other provinces success is doubtful, but it seems probable that it will have a clear majority in Madras, Bombay, and the Central Provinces. It is therefore not unreasonable to anticipate that Congress may be called to form a Government in these three provinces, at any rate early in 1937.

It may be fairly confidently predicted that in some or all of the provinces where the Congress first assumes office the new Act will work extremely "creakily" for a time. The new Cabinets are likely to start with deep prejudice against and suspicion of the Governors, the Inspectors General of Police and all the higher officers of the I.C.S. They will look for opportunities of asserting themselves and their offices in the eyes of the public, and they will carry a difficult load of past speeches and emotional declarations.

Nevertheless, responsibility produces moderation and difficulty begets caution. Congress difficulties are easy to foresee. The British are an object of bitter attack from racial politicians, but they are generally willing and anxious to be helpful in times of perplexity, and a Congress Minister may discover before many months in office that the Governor or the chief of police is a real friend in need. As internal politics intensify and the play of party develops, it will not be surprising if the creaking of the Constitution itself is drowned in the normal din of democratic institutions. Paradoxically enough, there may be more trouble in provinces where the Congress sees itself condemned to a long period in opposition. Here there is the risk that efforts will be made to keep the constitutional issue alive by preaching racial

nationalism and also to produce friction between the provinces and the Centre. The period between now and the attainment of Federation will in any case have special dangers, for autonomous provincial governments may, particularly in financial matters, prove restive under the budgetary dispositions of an irremovable central government. Some prominent politicians now in the central Legislature may desert this doomed body and enter their provincial Legislatures at the first elections, in the hope of attaining immediate positions of power and responsibility.

Until all responsibility for Government in India is transferred to Indian soil and the British Parliament finally divests itself of authority, as it has done in the case of the other Dominions, it is really a simple axiom that somewhere in the Constitution dyarchy must continue to exist. Those who declaim against it are apt to forget this fact, just as they forget that dyarchy exists in the British Constitution itself, where the inherent power of the Crown is by no means a legal fiction, but on suitable occasions and at critical moments is still exercised, and must always be exercisable so long as the law and custom of the Constitution provide for it and the Crown enjoys its modern prestige and popularity. It is therefore not surprising to find that with the removal of dyarchy from provincial government in India we now find the principle introduced for the first time at the Centre, where although it is intended that there shall be a federal government responsible to the Central Legislature, defence and foreign affairs in particular are reserved subjects.

The difficulties of the federal solution are evident enough. The experiment is bold and hopeful. I am inclined to think that it will work, but it is bound to work in unforeseen ways and to produce new and surprising political combinations and results, indeed a transformation, swift or gradual but anyhow certain and far-reaching, in the Indian scene. The reactions of British India and the federating states upon one another will probably powerfully and possibly beneficially affect the political evolution of both. To the federation the Princes will contribute an intensification of loyalty to the Crown, an appreciation of the large issues of defence and foreign affairs which may well hasten the end of dyarchy, and a valuable stabilizing element at all times. It seems also reasonable to suppose that an Indian state which

possesses no constitutional checks upon the arbitrary power of its Rulers and is unblest even with a Civil List to distinguish the Ruler's personal expenditure from the general yield of the taxes will, on finding itself an integral part of a large constitutional whole of a very different kind, be brought nearer to its time of development into a limited monarchy.

In the main the element of hopefulness for the Federation lies in the fact that there will be a large number of influential men who have the will to work it, and a strong desire to avoid breakdown. In India, once the facts of a situation are sufficiently clear, people are in general reasonable and accommodating, probably more so than in Europe. The clear facts must always include a clear framework for law and order, the existence in the country of a strong and disciplined force guaranteeing society from anarchy, and an authority which it will obey. That is not imperilled by the Act, and therefore the Act can work well if sufficient capable men of good will are forthcoming to work it. Personally, I believe that real patriotism, in the sense of willingness to make sacrifices for the general good, is largely on the increase amongst the younger generation in India. The fierce intensification of communal passion which is accompanying the new transfer of power to Indian hands is inevitable, and unfortunately is likely to continue to manifest itself in terrible forms in the early stages. But in the end it will be overcome by the new generation of emancipated women who have set their faces as brass against it. In any case it should not conceal from us the fact that a real Indian nation is all the time gradually in the making, an achievement which Britons should not deplore, but for which, on the contrary, they are entitled to take credit, for it is largely their work, produced in part consciously by their highest directed efforts ; in part unconsciously by their habitual thoughts of India as a single country, and by their very presence, which has been a double stimulant, as an energetic example and as a racial irritant.

But when we reflect upon our achievements in India let us admit that it is an extremely backward land, overdue for vast social reforms which we as Western overlords were unable or fearful to impose. In addition to the fact that what appear to us abuses can sometimes claim religious sanction, we have a

natural aversion from interfering with other people's customs, and a right instinct that reform comes best from within. The Indians for their part, like other peoples claiming national recognition, have concentrated on national politics and tended to make these, with their superficially unifying tendency, an excuse for neglecting those social reforms which always divide society into opposite camps. But the Indian masses are stirring, and with the coming of a large measure of self-government they can no longer be satisfied with Swarajist slogans. Mr. Gandhi, too, whose conscience seems increasingly stirred by the obvious gap between the professions and performance of Congressmen, and to feel that Swaraj is better earned by service than gained—even if that were possible—by disobedience, is in the field, and is shaking orthodox Hinduism to its foundations with his campaign against “untouchability”.

In the United Provinces the peasant agitation against the great landowners, to which Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru gave his patronage when he was at large, has struck a deep root, and in the Punjab also it is far from negligible. In the towns where there is an industrial population, more particularly Bombay, Calcutta, Cawnpore, Jamshedpur, and wherever there are railway workshops, Bolshevism of the Russian brand, with Russian “ideology” and “technique”, are disseminated, and within the Congress party there is a powerful advanced Socialist wing, part of which looks hopefully towards Jawaharlal Nehru, and part of which regards him as a kid-gloved parlour Socialist quite unfitted to lead young India to the necessary orgy of revolutionary destruction.

The new autonomous Governments are therefore likely to find that they must have social programmes. Ministers will come up against vested interests everywhere, against the moneylender, the large landowner with his seigniorial rights, the numerous middlemen rent collectors who benefit from Lord Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement of 1793 in Bengal and Bihar, the employer of sweated labour, and against the orthodox caste Hindus. Ministers, indeed, may go down like ninepins. There will doubtless be at first much cry and little wool. But the evils are too real to be condoned, politicians will be forced forward from behind to make good their words, and the new Governments will begin to carry through genuine reforms.

In the new Constitution the British unofficial community will have quite as many representatives as they can provide both in the Central and provincial Legislatures. There they will form small but compact, and therefore on balance influential, groups in the division lobbies, and one hopes that their moral influence will be even greater. That in the new conditions they will be able to help Indians towards social betterment is evident. What is eminently desirable is a concentrated drive of Indians and Europeans towards economic planning, large new enterprises, and certain outstandingly necessary social reforms.

The first thing necessary is a frank recognition of India's appalling poverty. The majority of its excessive and rapidly-growing population is definitely under-nourished, and lives in houses with insufficient light and air, with no water supply and no sanitation. Clothing we may leave out of account, for in the plains clothing is not a serious item. The agricultural population in the main not only lives miserably, but is also never solvent. As can well be imagined, wasting diseases and deformities of every kind, physical, mental, and moral are terribly common.

India does not consume nearly enough. The world appears to be suffering from over-production and to be looking for new markets, fresh consumers. Here in India is a vast potential market, a hungry army of consumers waiting to enrich those who will supply their needs if only they can somehow be endowed with more purchasing power in return for their labour in the fields. Give the Indian countryman a better return for his industry and miracles will happen.

It is to be hoped that the new provincial Legislatures will shortly tackle the question of slavery. We talk with horror of slavery in Abyssinia and persuade ourselves that none exists under the British flag. This is deception and illusion. Slavery is common in India, "the brightest jewel in the British Crown". Call it serfdom if you like, but what existed in Russia till the days of Alexander, the Tsar Liberator, exists in India today. Infants are born who are the inheritors of the debts of their parents, and from their first breath the labour of their whole lives is mortgaged to creditors or inheritors of creditors on the soil to which they are bound.

The social conscience of India is unfortunately as yet no more

than pricked. The condition of low caste and outcaste Hindus has been the subject of only a few researches by Western enquirers, but it is plain enough that it will hardly bear thinking about.

Under the new Act Indians of vision and resolution will be in a position to deal with these evils themselves. There will be no rush to abolish the evils, but men of vision exist and are to be found. They will need and will welcome the help of the non-official British in India as political allies and supporters.

As regards the British community in India and its interests, there are "safeguards" in the Act, and it is no doubt correct that this should be so. Actually their position never depended and never can depend on statutory safeguards. In the last resort at all critical times it will depend upon themselves, their personal characters and worth. No safeguards will save us if the men we send to India degenerate in type, if the sense of obligation to the land they live in, the desire to serve it, and to help its children disappear. Equally if these continue no statutory transfer of power will destroy British influence or the Indian readiness to turn to the British for sympathy and advice in time of stress.

If, then, this survey has any validity, we may answer the question "Will it work?" with restrained optimism, and reply that the chances are that "it" will. As to the question: "What will India be like in a few years' time?" we may hazard the guess that it will not be very different for some years to come, but that the racial violence of extremist politicians will gradually abate, and that a serious preoccupation with internal social problems will set in. In reply to the third question we may say that India will still be a good place to work in for those Europeans whose thoughts are in the land they live in, and whose eyes and ears are not waiting for the clock to strike the hour of their retirement. The answer to the final question: "Would you send your son there?" can only be that that depends upon the son, his tastes and views and also his capabilities. More than ever India needs the best; less than ever does she need the third-rate. She has, however, always adequately rewarded those who have served her and is likely to continue to do so.

POLAND AND GERMANY TODAY

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

THE riddle of the Polish-German Agreement of January, 1934, has been puzzling western politicians for the last eighteen months. A diplomatic revolution of so startling a kind, not long after Polish troops had been massed on the Westerplatte, could only, it was felt, rest upon some sensational explanation. The Rosenbergian *Drang nach Osten* must have won some recognition; Berlin and Warsaw must be concocting plans at the cost of the small Baltic states and the Russian Ukraine; the soberest conjecturers could but suppose that Germany had bought back the Corridor with promises at other people's expense. As successive reports from the Polish-German frontiers came in, an impression was made in Western Europe as if a very miracle had occurred; the cessation of polemics in the press had put an immediate end, it appeared, to the burning hatreds whose flames had flickered for fifteen years, from Danzig down to Kattowitz. Politically the Polish-German *rapprochement* involved a large-scale re-orientation. Sociologically the experiment was about to be tried as to whether the cessation of propaganda could cause hostility to fade away—whether, indeed, the demon of modern propaganda should be regarded as even more powerful than racial and nationalist impulses. Were they perhaps to be considered as largely the offspring of propaganda?

A journey to Eastern Europe in the summer of 1935 provides illuminating comment upon the anxious ruminations of Paris and London. Several interesting events have been adding to the dimensions of the question-mark placed after any phrase which implies a close alliance between Germany and Poland. In March Germany frankly flouted the Peace Treaty, and she has been rearming in all directions at a tremendous pace ever since. At the beginning of May came the financial collapse of Danzig.

Ten days later Marshal Pilsudski died. And in June came the naval agreement between Great Britain and Germany. How has Warsaw reacted to these events?

Her remarkable position on the map of contemporary Europe makes the policy of Poland something far more decisive than we are accustomed to realize. In the pre-Hitler days she lay at the mercy, as she felt, of the Rapallo partners, Russia and Germany. But when the National-Socialist Revolution irreparably smashed Russo-German friendship, Poland became an area of immense international importance, since she provided a large, very far from demilitarized or internationalized, but rather impartial, zone with its own strong defensive interest, entirely separating Germany from Russia. Polish territory also, incidentally, entirely divides Lithuania from Russia, and since the Corridor cuts off East Prussia, Poland can impede hostilities between Lithuania and Germany.

The Poles are politically realist and diplomatically facile. Though eloquent denouncers of Communism, they had, as a matter of fact, made a non-aggression pact with the Soviet Government in July, 1932, just before Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. In the spring of 1933, outbursts of German chauvinism made the crisis in Polish-German relations so acute that there must either be war or a diplomatic *volte-face*. Poland did not wish to fight Germany alone, and the Western Powers, though their newspapers discussed a preventive war, were obviously unwilling to wage one. By concluding the Agreement with Germany in January, 1934, Poland offset her Agreement with Russia, and became the umpire between Berlin and Moscow. The Poles have been nursing no illusions about the rearmament of Germany which was announced to the world by the admission of the existence of the Air Force and by the Conscription decree. A good many people in Warsaw believe it would have been better to have nipped German rearmament in the bud, but since that was not attempted, Poland has only one policy to pursue, the policy of balance upon which she has embarked. Pilsudski's death could therefore make no difference, except in so far as it slightly weakened the political position of the francophobe Colonel Beck. Beck can no longer, for instance, claim the Marshal's support for his actions, and while

he has never enjoyed much personal popularity, he has become more subject to criticism from powerful army chiefs.

There appears to be no Pan-Slavonic feeling whatever in Poland, and there is a dominant tradition of resentment against the oppression of historic Russia. Yet the Poles seem to feel fairly certain that Germany is a more dangerous, and probably a more aggressive, neighbour than the U.S.S.R. For they know that Russia's strategic railway lines are still very far from completion, they doubt the fidelity of her peasants, and they are unimpressed by what they have seen of her Air Force when Russian pilots have come visiting.

There is a certain Polish school of thought which believes that the ambitions of National-Socialist Germany are in no way dangerous to Poland. It is argued that the Austrian, Hitler, has abolished Prussia, and that the interests of a de-prussianized Germany do not conflict with those of Poland; Hitler's natural inclination is expansion towards, and down, the Danube. It is difficult not to feel that this theory is a little too neat and convenient to be true, and in Warsaw one does not gain the impression that official policy relies upon it. As a matter of fact, it is amusing and also inevitable that all the neighbours of the new Germany should be eager to divert her attention to that side of her upon which they themselves are not placed. In the Danubian countries it is often explained to one that Germany is bound to expand to the East and not to the South. Anyone worthy of the name of a statesman knows, of course, that Germany will expand when and whither she can. For this reason, and because of the deep-rooted fear that history may some day repeat the story of Poland's partition, the Poles are determined to prevent any foreign soldier, be he Russian or German, from setting foot upon Polish territory. "If they once came in, we should never get rid of them", they say. This knocks out the theories of darkly-laid plans for Polish-German military co-operation towards the East.

This intelligible attitude towards foreign troops, nevertheless, provides Poland and Germany with one thing in common, and that is their attitude towards the Eastern Pact desired by Russia and France; they stand together in opposing the principle of mutual assistance, and will only consider non-aggression pacts.

Over one other point Poland and Germany see eye to eye, and that is in their common hostility to Czechoslovakia. While denying all incorrect aspirations, the four million Germans in Czechoslovakia, who nearly all voted Nazi in the elections in May, are implicitly regarded as the rightful subjects of the German Reich ; Berlin also resents the permission to her own expelled Socialists to work in Prague. Between Poland and Czechoslovakia the difficulty dates from the post-war settlement when Benes succeeded in incorporating the Teschen district in the Czechoslovak Republic. There is a considerable Polish minority there, and the district is economically valuable. In addition Warsaw resents the pro-Russian policy of Prague, and sympathises with Budapest in her frontier complaints against Benes. In considering the key position held by Poland, as between Germany, Russia, and Lithuania, it should not be forgotten that Poland also separates Czechoslovakia from Russia ; this geographical fact emasculates the recent alliance between Moscow and Prague, for Poland could rapidly invade Carpathian Ruthenia with the eager, and perhaps the active, encouragement of Hungary.

Since Germany and Poland have agreed to ten years' non-aggression, the press of each country has ceased to vilify the other, and frontier incidents have come to an end. But it cannot be said that there is a fundamental improvement in the relations of the Poles and Germans who live near the frontiers.

Along the Vistula frontier from Marienwerder to Marienburg, the German local authorities are still doing all the propaganda they can ; one is still shown the place where the frontier crosses a peasant's back-garden, and they still point out the iniquity of the frontier demarcation which takes both banks of the river for Poland. The Corridor is still described as an unbearable phenomenon in itself. One is still shown ancient maps with the corridor names in German, as if this should convince one of Germany's claims. On one of these I found Danzig compromising as Dansk, and, when I asked about some villages with Polish names, it was allowed that the country population had been pretty Polish, with bland disregard for the pre-eminent significance of the peasant in the Germany of today.

It is not unimportant, perhaps, that the Poles entertain no

thought of the smallest concessions on the Vistula frontier. And one has only to go to Gdynia to have it made perfectly clear to one that the Poles are not constructing that magnificent port with a view to handing it over to Germany. It is a favourite Polish story that in 1920 Herr Sahm, who is now Lord Mayor of Berlin but was at that time President of the Danzig Senate, when refusing to let the Poles import arms for their Russian war in 1920, derisively told them to build their own port on the quicksands of the fishing village of Gdynia. So they did. By 1926 Gdynia was able to function, and in 1932 its harbour traffic reached and passed the Danzig level. With the help of French capital, a railway was built from the Kattowitz coal-mines up to Gdynia, and the coal traffic easily diverted from Danzig. Gdynia today is a magnificent sight with its brand-new cranes and its modernist warehouses, and with depth for the biggest liners to call. For all its newness, the town already has a faint suggestion of Slav slovenliness, but it is none the worse for that.

Only a few miles to the east, the ancient granaries of Danzig are standing almost bare today. The Free City has undoubtedly suffered in the past from the rise—artificially stimulated by the Polish Government—of Gdynia. But a truce was called in 1933 in the economic war between the two ports, and Poland agreed to "*une participation égale dans le trafic maritime*" for both Danzig and Gdynia. The ruin of Danzig, thus apparently averted by its new Nazi rulers, was subsequently ensured by their fantastic expenditure upon uneconomic public works and by the increasing financial difficulties of Germany. In the spring of this year the Reich cut off the subsidies it had hitherto supplied, and on May 2nd the bankruptcy of Danzig had to be declared in a drastic devaluation of the currency. Since that event the unfortunate Free City has been the victim of a peculiarly acrid battle between the ostensible allies, Poland and Germany. On the one hand the Poles are trying to force Danzig to become economically Polish* by the introduction of the Polish zloty as

* By the Treaty of Versailles the Free City of Danzig became a part of the Polish customs and railway area, but the Poles were dissatisfied with the arrangement, and in the Treaty of Paris (1920) a unification of the two monetary systems was foreshadowed.

currency. In view of the chaotic consequences of the currency restrictions imposed by Danzig since June, the Poles have been raining fresh advantages upon Gdynia. On July 22nd they closed the Danzig-Polish customs frontier and ten days later the Danzigers retaliated by virtually opening their East Prussian frontier. On August 8th these measures were withdrawn, owing, no doubt, to some face-saving pressure from Berlin, but the Poles secured that duties collected in Danzig must now be paid in zlotys ; at the moment of writing further negotiations are going on. The history of Prussia has impressed all Germans with the political potentialities of customs unions, and the Danzigers fear the introduction of the zloty as a prelude to more Polish authority and polonization ; more people will become the employees of Poles, and their children, it is thought, will be expected to go to Polish schools.

The Nazi Government of Germany is clearly embarrassed by the Danzig question. The satellite Nazi Senate there has made itself thoroughly unpopular, yet it cannot completely be dropped. The Reich, it appears, has decided to consider the Free City of Danzig as nothing but a military outpost. It has ceased to supply money directly, but it obviously encourages the drafting of as many Danzigers as possible into one or other of the more or less military formations which exist in Danzig ; in addition to the ordinary and the political police, there are, incidentally, the S.S., the S.A., the *Einwohnerwehr*, the *Hilfsdienst* and the *Landespolizei*. One sees the green uniforms of the *Landespolizei* wherever one goes ; its members look exceedingly soldierly, and are commanded by a certain Colonel Bock, who was, until recently, an officer in the Reichswehr—Danzig is, of course, politically totally independent of Berlin. Unemployed youths serve in the *Hilfsdienst* for a year ; they are now to serve only three months in Danzig and nine in the Reich. Officials and unemployed workmen, especially those known to hold anti-Nazi views, are now to be employed in the Reich or drastically cut down in what the Free City pays them. Danzig, cleared of its growing political opposition, is to become a German armed camp it seems ; already it has its air base and airmen.

The leading Nazi newspaper in Danzig is still headed " Back to the Reich ; down with treaty compulsion ", despite the Polish-

German Agreement. Everyone who knows the position of Danzig knows that it would be useless to attach the Free City to East Prussia, while leaving the Corridor frontiers as they are. Thus the implicit war which Poland and Germany are already waging in Danzig only continues the struggle, which has never really ceased, for the Corridor as a whole. When Colonel Beck went to Berlin in July, it is generally believed that he refused to *discuss* the question of Danzig, though it can scarcely have gone unmentioned. It is supposed that Hitler complained about the polonization of the German minorities in Poland without much hope of bringing about a genuine improvement. Beck, on the other hand, probably failed to procure a written confirmation of the suggestion, made in the Chancellor's speech on May 21st, that the 'Ten Years' Non-Aggression Pact between Germany and Poland should be indefinitely prolonged. Some people say that Beck was actually brought to Berlin through the apprehension aroused in Warsaw by the Naval Agreement between Germany and Great Britain.

The impression created on the Continent by this Naval Agreement can scarcely be exaggerated. Apart from the fact that it is very generally misinterpreted into something like an alliance, people seem to forget that Germany would have rebuilt a navy whether Great Britain had agreed to it or not. All the Powers with an interest in the Baltic are agitated because they consider that England has handed over the Baltic to Germany. As a matter of fact, Sweden is the only Baltic country with anything like a navy. If all the Baltic states combined, they would about equal the German fleet, as envisaged by the British Agreement, in ships, while technically Germany would have an undoubted advantage; none of the others, for instance, has a ship so well equipped as the *Deutschland*. Now if Germany be allowed to dominate the Baltic, the whole Polish plan is to some extent punctured. Poland regards the three little states of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia as her particular sphere of interest; she may even have had private thoughts of expansion here or into East Prussia. But she has only a couple of destroyers and very little else in the way of ships; and these and what she may now succeed in building can easily be shut in at Gdynia. The isolation of East Prussia from Germany can then be undone,

and with that the Polish fence between Russia and Germany becomes rather rickety.

In no capital can the news of the Anglo-German Agreement have been received with greater consternation than in Kovno. The position of Lithuania is such that the interests of Germany, Russia, and Poland all converge upon her, and particularly upon her semi-German port of Memel at the north of the important Niemen river. No one who has visited Memel at all recently can doubt that Memel-land is largely disloyal to Lithuania, and that this makes Lithuania exceedingly vulnerable. The Statute according autonomy to Memel-land was signed by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. Hitherto France and Italy have modified protests from England, but the Anglo-German Naval Agreement, from the Lithuanian point of view, seemed to emphasize British inability to comprehend the tremendous menace from Nazi Germany to the integrity of Lithuania. Hitler's intemperate abuse of this weak and diminutive country on May 21st was scarcely reported in the British Press, but there could be no mistaking its tone. The Italians are frankly pro-Lithuanian because, for the moment, they are still anti-German, but that may suddenly change. And if the League cannot prevent Italy from attacking Abyssinia, by how much less, the Lithuanians ask themselves, can Germany be prevented from attacking them when she wishes? Should they sacrifice their Vilna claim to get Poland's support over Memel, or sacrifice Memel to buy the friendship of Germany?

In spite of her tremendous susceptibility on the point, Lithuania probably knows that it will be best to acknowledge the loss of Vilna and come to terms with Poland. For the Poles, though the plan is popular in Germany, have no intention whatever of dividing Lithuania with Germany, so that Germany gets Memel and they are left with a poor agricultural hinterland when their agricultural population is already relatively too large. Provided they can be sure of no more nonsense, so to speak, over Vilna, they would far rather see Lithuania as it is, extending their own zone of neutrality between Germany and Russia, and they would feel the strongest aversion towards the idea of the German Navy at Memel. It should be observed, by the way, in recording

Poland's reactions to the new Germany, that, although Poland is ruled by an ambiguous and largely military dictatorship herself, she has very little sympathy with Nazi ideology. The Poles do not go in for racial enthusiasm ; they despise their brother Slavs in Russia and Czechoslovakia, and admire the anti-Slav Hungarians. They have heard a great deal too much about the civilizing mission of the superior Germanic race. Having large non-Polish minorities (Gérman, Ukrainian, Lithuanian), they are not too keen on the pure racial basis for a political entity, especially where so many people are of mixed descent. If the Germans mind about these things so much, the Poles ask with some amusement, why do they struggle so sternly to preserve their hold over so many people with non-German names ? There is a favourite story in Danzig, by the way, of a negotiation in which Poland was represented by three Poles with German names and Danzig by three Germans with Polish names. It should be remembered also that Poland is a zealously Catholic country, and dislikes in proportion the persecution of the Catholics which has been intensifying in Germany this year. Lastly, though there is a great deal of anti-Semitic feeling in Poland, her biggest industrialists are Jews whose power and influence no one at present would attempt to challenge.

And now what is the attitude of Germany ? We all know that she is rearming at a terrific pace. Prodigious numbers of armed men are springing up where the dragon's teeth were sown. From Berlin one cannot nowadays go sailing on the Havel lakes without driving past endless new barracks ; one new training school for flying officers was worked on night and day so that it should be finished as rapidly as General Göring's whim dictated. What is it all for ? There is no doubt that German diplomacy wishes to make the Peace Treaties everywhere seem intolerable, and that it will speak more loudly and less legally when backed by the full Army, Navy, and Air Force now under construction. Wherever the *status quo* seems most vulnerable, whether in Austria or Memel or even in Africa, there the opponents of Hitler have reason to be afraid.

How resistance will develop it is impossible to foresee. It would seem true, however, to say that the most powerful German impulse today is the *Drang nach Osten*—the drive to the East.

Rosenberg's fall has often been foretold, but Hitler is much closer in spirit to Rosenberg than to the moderates of the Reichswehr and big industry ; the new attacks on Jews and Christians are made in the spirit of Rosenberg's writings which also foreshadow the drive towards the East. If one goes to the old headquarters of the German Knights, the fourteenth-century castle of Marienburg, one becomes aware of a tremendous fighting tradition based on a leadership principle, a tradition which has perhaps bequeathed to the Nazis of today that which is best about their movement. The aim of the German Knights was, beneath the merest veil of Christianity, to Germanize eastwards and especially in the territory now held by the three Baltic States.

The majority of Germans feel, indeed, that the efforts of the German Knights around the shores of the Baltic, though curtailed by the great defeat of Tannenberg in 1410, have forever established a German right to the Baltic littoral. The most pacific Germans explain to one that the present state of things there cannot possibly last. But there is a significant tendency in Germany today, and that is, for one reason or another, to think in terms of war against Russia. Hitler's speech last May was violently anti-Russian. The press is constantly filled with suggestions that Soviet Russia is full of aggressive intentions and will soon attack Germany. Where Poland comes into the picture is never made clear ; though the position of Poland as a buffer between the two countries, as anyone can see from the map, makes such a clarification very desirable. Just as the ordinary Russian is taught that he may be called upon to defend the social standard of life provided by the Soviet regime, so the average German is filled with stories about the barbarously low level prevailing in Russia, from the menace of which Germany will have to be saved by war. Somehow one gains the impression that German rearmament is chiefly aimed against Russia and against any other enemy encountered *en route*; indeed, if rearmed Germany has her way, Poland may one day pay heavily for her unsympathetic behaviour towards Danzig in 1935.

ECONOMICS OF AIR TRANSPORT

BY SQUADRON-LEADER P. R. BURCHALL

THE various committees of the League of Nations are steadily performing a vast amount of work and accumulating a mountain of data relating to almost every aspect of human activity. Civil aviation in Europe has now been added to the subjects studied, and some remarkable statistics have been published in a report on the Economics of Air Transport in Europe. The average man knows very little about civil aviation, although he is every day getting more interested, but his knowledge usually does not go far beyond the facts that American civil aviation has been developed to a pitch unparalleled elsewhere, that there are British air services to Paris, Egypt, and the Cape, to India and Australia, and that Germany has established a very comprehensive network of air services in Europe. In addition, he knows that none of these services is yet sound enough economically to operate without government subsidies, and that the British Civil Aviation Vote each year amounts to approximately half a million pounds. He wonders, reasonably enough, whether this load on the taxpayer is justifiable, and how long it will continue. Civil aviation, he thinks, is a spectacular and fascinating development, and it may have a considerable value in Imperial cohesion, but when, if ever, is it going to pay for itself?

The League of Nations Report was drafted for the Air Transport Co-operation Committee by M. Henri Bouché, who is not only editor of the well-known French paper, *L'Aéronautique*, but is also a government director on the Board of the great French combine known as "Air France". He is thus well qualified to write the report, and he paints a truly dismal picture of the economics of civil aviation in Europe considered as a whole. Unfortunately there must always be a considerable time-lag between economic happenings, the collection of relevant data, and the publication of the conclusions that may be deduced from the data. This is particularly true with regard to the present

report, for the conclusions are reached long after any serious value can be obtained from them. The report studies the years 1930-1932, and, at that time, with the exception of ourselves and the Dutch, none of the countries of Europe seems to have shown the smallest intention of developing commercial aviation on an economic basis. As a more or less inevitable result, the melancholy fact emerges that, taking an average for all air services in Europe, only about 30 per cent. of the total receipts of the air transport companies in 1931 was derived from users of the services, while about 70 per cent. of the total receipts had to be made up by government subsidy.

But the figures for different countries are very unequal, just as the motives for the operation of commercial aviation were very diverse. The march towards financial stability and independence in various countries may be pictured from the fact that since 1930 the proportion of earned revenue from British services improved from 31 per cent. to over 60 per cent. in 1933. The German Lufthansa Company reports that about half of its revenue is now derived from the users of its services, and the Dutch service is fast approaching a condition of financial independence, only a quarter of its revenue being derived from subsidy in 1933. It needs to be remembered that the introduction of every new subsidised service has usually a temporary adverse financial influence while the new traffic is being built up. Among European countries the Dutch and ourselves show the most striking progress towards the ideal of a self-supporting industry.

During the five years 1929-1933, the total approximate subsidies paid by various governments for regular services (not merely European services) run by civil aviation companies have amounted to :—

Great Britain	£1,900,000
Germany	£4,500,000
France	£7,500,000
U.S.A.	£19,000,000

and the German figure probably does not include municipal subsidies. It is clear that Great Britain has avoided the profligacy of some other countries, and has been content to build slowly and soundly, if perhaps less spectacularly. With this government assistance, each of these countries has established regular

air routes exceeding 20,000 miles in length, and a comparison of the cost of establishing the routes reflects the very great economy with which British development has been engineered. From not strictly comparable published statistics, it is very difficult to arrive at a just comparison of the running costs of the various lines, but it is everywhere acknowledged that, as far as working economy is concerned, British civil aviation compares extremely well with its European and American rivals. The British position indeed is not nearly so mediocre as the general European picture painted by M. Bouché would suggest. In passing, one cannot escape the thought that M. Bouché paints with such a melancholy brush in order to support the French project of internationalizing (= Frenchifying ?) all commercial aviation in Europe.

British commercial aviation up to date has been concerned far more with the sound establishment of an Imperial backbone of air communications than with transport experiments on the continent of Europe. But we are inescapably tied geographically to the Continent, and our interests in European aviation must inevitably grow, and indeed are already growing with some vigour. Certain of the remarks that immediately follow are therefore intended to throw a little light on the complexity of the civil aviation situation in Europe. It is sometimes urged that the railways of Europe already provide fairly rapid transport, and that the advantages of air-transport are liable to be overstated. But the facts are that, for continental journeys exceeding 400 miles, on only five important routes does the available speed by rail exceed 25 miles per hour. Of these, only the Paris-Berlin and the Paris-Rome routes manage to maintain speeds between 30 and 40 miles per hour.

There is no need to enlarge here upon the obvious benefit obtainable from the very much higher speeds of air-transport. But it is worth mentioning that the advantage is most pronounced when the normal train journey exceeds twenty-four hours.

Of all European air traffic-routes the Paris-London line carries far and away the greatest density of traffic, amounting in 1932 to over 5,000 ton-kilometres per kilometre of line. This line is operated by British and French companies. The only other important lines showing any considerable traffic density are the London-Amsterdam line, the Paris-Brussels-Amsterdam line,

the Amsterdam-Malmö line, and the London-Brussels-Cologne-Düsseldorf line. It is natural to observe that all these lie to the northward of Paris, in the most economically active quarter of Europe.

Over the whole European network the receipts for passengers and goods carried by air in 1932 averaged 3s. 4d. per ton-mile, but mail, although small in amount, paid relatively much better, for the mail figure was approximately 12s. 6d. per ton-mile. The traffic (ton-miles carried) over the systems was made up of 71 per cent. passengers, 22 per cent. goods, and 7 per cent. mail. Seasonal variation in traffic is one of the difficulties besetting all transport undertakings. M. Bouché publishes a graph showing how on the German Lufthansa system in 1932 the number of passengers carried varied between 18,000 in August and 960 in January, a proportion of 19 to 1, but on the British imperial system, considered as a whole, the seasonal variations are now comparatively negligible, for the variation in the total traffic carried in 1934 was less than 2 to 1. This very valuable stability is no doubt due largely to the enormous geographical area covered by the system.

There cannot be much profit in any transport service unless a fair proportion of the tonnage offered is utilized by customers. Indeed the coefficient of utilization must be mainly responsible for the state of the profit and loss account. In 1932 the five chief European air lines sold between 40 per cent. and 62 per cent. of the carrying capacity that they offered. In this respect Great Britain occupied a leading position, owing either to her selection of routes offering the greatest scope or to high technical efficiency in operating her services, or to both.

While aeroplanes are such expensive toys, and while competition and technical progress continue to insist that their useful life on regular routes is limited to about four years, it is clear that if the machines spend an undue proportion of their life on the ground instead of in the air, the financial results will be very adversely affected. M. Bouché found that only ourselves and the Dutch got 500 hours annual service out of each machine. In the United States the comparable figure was in the region of 800 flying hours per machine per annum. The superior American figure was certainly due in very large measure to the far more

advanced state of the organization for night flying that is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. But rapid progress is being made, and some of the British machines are now being made to yield well over 1,000 hours service per annum.

In reviewing the whole situation of civil aviation in Europe, M. Bouché pays Imperial Airways the high tribute of being possibly second to no other European line as regards economic working, but he also rightly points out that the main justification of the concern lies outside Europe in its system of Imperial communications. The excellent performance of the Dutch, M. Bouché thinks, "is mainly due to the comparatively small size of the system served, and to the fortunate position occupied by the Netherlands at the intersection of the most important trade routes for the whole of Northern and North-western Europe, which is economically the most active".

The years of continuous intensive British pioneering in the air are only now beginning to show beneficial results. In 1928 the traffic amounted to roughly 800,000 ton-miles, and it is growing so rapidly that by 1934 the traffic had quadrupled at over 3,000,000 ton-miles. When this very healthy and enviable rate of growth is considered in conjunction with government expenditure on civil aviation during the same period, there is plenty of justification for believing that normal development will render subsidies progressively less necessary. For, while during the years 1928-1931, £1 of British Government subsidy went side by side with a steady average of 2.3 ton-miles of air traffic, by 1934 more than three times as much traffic was carried for each £1 of subsidy. That is to say, although the annual government expenditure on civil aviation does not yet show any marked decline—for subsidies are still necessary while the pioneering work continues—a great deal more work is being done, and a great deal more value is being obtained in return for the government assistance.

These statistics make dull enough reading, but they are essential to a right appreciation of the situation. They also inevitably make one wonder whether economic air transport is indeed the real objective of many of the other European nations' air services. 1934 was a year of continued development of the Imperial framework of air communications, culminating

in the extension of the Eastern service to Australia ; 1935 will continue the good work by providing an African service from Khartum to the West Coast and an Asiatic extension to Hong-kong, while 1936 or 1937 will, it is hoped, see the beginning of the establishment of a trans-Atlantic service to North America. The main arterial framework of Imperial air transport will then be an accomplished fact, and development thereafter will be incidental rather than structural.

Nobody will quarrel with M. Bouché's view that " as there is no prospect in present circumstances in Europe of abolishing subsidies by general consent, the first problem is to make the best use of such subsidies in a manner enabling air transport to establish itself once and for all ". The British interpretation of this dictum has been to concentrate attention upon the 20,000 miles of Empire routes ; and subsidies have been devoted almost entirely to these routes, while operations in the United Kingdom and on the continent of Europe have derived comparatively little help from government assistance.

The greatest factor in attracting increased traffic is cheapness, but this, in turn, is dominated by the volume of traffic. Frequency of service is probably the next most important advantage that can be offered by a transport undertaking, because it saves loss of traffic to competing organizations. But traffic normally grows slowly, and a loss must always be incurred in the interval between the provision of increased frequency and cheapness and the securing of sufficient additional traffic to cover the increased running costs. M. Bouché justly observes that in the matter of technical improvement and lowering of fares and rates it will often be found that it is impossible in practice to do anything unless the volume of freight (passengers, goods, and mail) offered for air transport increases *considerably*. How is it possible to secure the desired acceleration in this rate of increase ?

The Post Office hopes to solve the problem with a plan of carrying all first-class Empire mail by air at a flat rate very much below the rates at present charged for air-mail. Cheap postage has always been a paying proposition, and the Post Office is giving nothing away—indeed the Director of Postal Services has stated that his Department expects to make a profit out of the plan—but the proposal has so much sanity behind it that British

air transport will receive a tremendous impetus. These new air-mail plans are far in advance of anything yet done in any country. It is very surprising that such an enormously important matter has not received far greater appreciation in the Press than it has. For when all first-class mail is carried throughout the Empire by air at something like the present surface rate of 1½d., the public will have everything to gain and nothing to lose, and the whole Empire must receive a practical stimulus, both commercial and political, and become economically stronger and politically stronger.

The present volume of first-class mail between Great Britain and India amounts to about 15 tons per week, of which only about 5 per cent. is carried at present by air. When the whole of this mail is carried by air, the volume may be somewhat less because of the weight limitation of individual letters, but if ten tons of mail is carried by air per week, the additional air-mail traffic between Great Britain and India will amount to nearly a quarter of a million ton-miles per annum. This additional amount of traffic on this one route will be equal in volume to the whole of the traffic of all kinds carried on the whole of the Empire air services in 1933. And if the air-mail carrier is paid only 1d. per letter for India against the present rate of something like 4½d., he will receive nearly £200,000 additional annual revenue on the India route alone. Somewhat similar figures apply to the African and Australian mail routes, and the importance of the plan is self-evident.

There can be no question that such a considerable increase of traffic and revenue must inevitably and immediately bring the financial independence of British civil aviation much nearer. Subsidies may not at once vanish when the new postal arrangements come into force, indeed some additional subsidized help may be needed to bring them into being, but the great point is that the traffic will necessarily undergo great expansion; and nothing but traffic expansion can bring the service to a state of self-support.

It is natural to expect that mail should always employ the speediest available carrier so long as the necessary conditions of reliability and regularity can be secured, and the march of progress insists that as these conditions are now available by air, the steam-

ship must now yield on grounds of speed to the aeroplane. At first sight it would appear that the shipping companies, already hard pressed by the world's economic condition, would be likely to offer strong opposition to the scheme. But actually it is doubtful if they will suffer financially. First-class mail excludes newspapers and parcels, and comprises only about one-tenth of the whole, so the shipping companies will still carry nine-tenths of the bulk of the mail. As it is the first-class mail that imposes heavy obligations and carries heavy penalties for delay, the shippers may even welcome the loss of the first-class mail so long as they retain the carriage of the remaining, less onerous, bulk.

The plan needs the good will and assistance of the Dominions and Colonies, and improved night-flying arrangements must be made. The details are now being worked out locally, and the plan is expected to come into operation by 1937.

The Government attaches very considerable importance to the sound development of civil aviation, and apart from the Department of Civil Aviation three influential bodies are in existence to help the work forward. One of these, the new "Council of Action" under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Maybury, owes its birth to the very recent striking increase in air transport within Great Britain. The development at home has been very patchy, owing largely to the dilatoriness of many municipalities in dealing with the aerodrome question, and the "Council of Action" has been formed primarily to examine all potentially useful internal air lines and to give every necessary guidance and encouragement to municipalities in providing aerodromes.

BRITISH AND JAPANESE IN CHINA

BY EDWIN HAWARD

(Editor, *North-China Daily News*, Shanghai)

DIMLY the sprawling yellow of China glows in the Far Eastern mist. Within that vast bulk, four hundred million peasants balance themselves precariously on the edge of existence. They see nothing surprising in their splendid resistance to the troubles inflicted upon them by nature and man. They have been placidly wrestling with the problem of living for centuries. They vaguely know that, somewhere on the fringe of their world and fitfully in their midst, strange beings from overseas move about and in various ways produce curious changes in the routine. They have sufficient sense of the value of family unity to organize simple means of solving day-to-day problems. For the rest, they tolerate—so far as they can—the bewildering interventions of officials. Yet the state of a country torn by political dissension, burdened by uneven taxation, overrun by reckless unemployed in bandit guise, hamstrung by imperfect communications, and incoherent for want of a uniform system of administration, cannot be described as other than desperate.

But China of to-day is far more stable than that cursory survey suggests. Her peasantry have not lost their backbone. Her Government, painfully overcoming the throes of a revolutionary phase, is, month by month, recording this or that gain in competence, despite frequent checks from without and within. Old evils persist: corruption, personal selfishness, traditional conservatism—notably the “family system” which puts the family before the State—mingling strangely with modern political shibboleths. Yet through the whole darkness there streaks a silver thread of sincere intention which, faltering here and stumbling there, has solid achievements to its credit.

Turning from that abstract survey to the concrete facts of this China to-day, it is appropriate to observe that the Western

impact on this ancient country has been intensified by the sudden assertion of Western dominance by an Oriental nation which has amazingly absorbed Western institutions, especially of a certain kind. Whether Japan was right or wrong in bringing down the mailed fist in Manchuria is beside the point now. The fact remains that since September, 1931, Japan has annexed Manchuria, albeit the annexation is dressed up in the form of a revived Manchu Empire with the real Manchu Emperor on the throne at Changchun (Hsinking). From that starting point she has extended the influence of her soldiers and statesmen to include as much of Northern China as runs north of the Yellow River. The progress is not complete. It is still in active development. To all intents and purposes, Japan rules in Peiping (Peking) and Tientsin, and has earmarked the territory between Jehol and Sinkiang for her eventual supervision, so that a Mongolia attuned to Japanese policy may offer a stout bulwark against possible Russian ambitions to the detriment of the new Manchuria.

In pursuance of this plan, it has seemed right to Tokyo to acquire Chinese friendship. The task, to the outsider, may sound fantastic. How can friendship be formed on the basis of a series of territorial aggressions and high-handed violences at China's expense? In point of fact the task was simple. The Japanese diplomats have been well chosen. They are men of real ability, and genuinely friendly with China. Moreover, they have a deep knowledge of Chinese culture, and have been able successfully to win Chinese confidence. What they think of their own militarists who, ever and anon, feel compelled to play an *obligato* on the war-drum, their discretion keeps locked within their breasts. To the onlooker it seems that if they were given a breathing space from the flamboyancies of the Kwantung Army which is the spearhead of Japanese War Office aggression in China, the Japanese diplomats would make vastly more headway in China's good graces than they do. Yet, such is the admirable solidarity of the Japanese national mind that the sins of the military are cheerfully shouldered by the diplomats. Cynics, indeed, may perceive in the variation from military to diplomatic action a planned team-work which illustrates the advantage of preventing the right hand of the Tokyo Foreign

Office from knowing what the left hand of the War Office's representative on the spot is occasionally doing. The team-work has achieved much. The North of China has to think what Japan thinks and, so far as possible, to order its goings and comings accordingly.

Nor is this privilege confined to the North. In the last year close touch has been kept by Tokyo, through military and diplomatic representatives, with the Chinese Government as its headquarters. In the beginning of 1934, General Chiang Kai-shek was mopping up a ridiculous rebellion in Fukien. He followed it by dislodging an eight-year-old nest of sovietized Chinese rebels in Southern Kiangsi. They scattered to the west, and were chased or made their way through Kwangsi and Hunan to Kweichow, Yunnan and Szechuan. There they are leading the Chinese Government troops a merry dance, but the indomitable Generalissimo, whose prestige has been greatly enhanced all over the North and Central China in recent months, is determined to call the tune. He may push them over the border into some convenient Alsatia. The Japanese have given him every encouragement in this western China campaign. They have also let it be clearly understood that they do not want any more trouble in Fukien, where they have "special interests"—familiar phrase with sinister import—and where the new Governor, to use the convenient term, is in close touch with the local Japanese officials.

General Chiang Kai-shek has established a remarkable record; he has been the dominant figure in the new Republic for over seven years—the only breaks being due to voluntary retirement for a brief period to prove, as it promptly did, his complete ascendancy over his contemporaries. War lord he may have been once, war lord he still is, but he is more. He has kept the country out of civil war since 1930. He has created something like a national army and, with it, much-needed canons of discipline. He has astutely refused to batter his head against the Japanese brick wall. He has preserved a working independence although going to great lengths to placate Japan. He has actively encouraged the Government to pay heed to the economic reconstruction of the country as the only effective and permanent retort to Communism. He is a strong man.

And what of the economic position? Since 1930 there has been a steady decline in the country's international trade. The adverse balance of payments (excluding Manchurian figures) in millions of Chinese dollars has registered \$779 in 1930, \$1,087 in 1931, \$955 in 1932, \$733 in 1933, and \$495 in 1934. Military expenditure, Communism, Japanese aggression, floods on a titanic scale, even drought, have weakened the country's economic fabric. Last year the climax came when, to this already heavy accumulation of ills, was added a catastrophic drain of silver, the basis of the currency, as the direct result of the silver purchase programme of the United States of America. Until 1932, China had been, on balance, an importer of silver to the extent of a hundred million dollars annually, taking a rough average from 1925 to 1931 inclusive. In 1932 and 1933 she showed a net export of ten million dollars and fourteen million dollars respectively. In 1934, the year of the signing of the London Silver Agreement, but more significantly the year of President Roosevelt's surrender to the silver Senators, the net export figure rose to 257 million dollars—practically all of it before October when, in self-defence, China imposed a virtual embargo on silver exports and took other steps to steady her exchange. Since then, by the wise co-operation of foreign and Chinese banks with the Finance Minister, a rough and ready bulwark has been erected in the hope that the desperate expedient of inflation may be avoided. A managed currency in the full sense of the term would be disastrous to a country so little equipped with the machinery which, in other administrations, provides the necessary safeguards against the recognized dangers of such a device.

Incidentally the depression has hit Shanghai severely, but Shanghai represents only 5 per cent. of China's financial and economic system. Shanghai, to digress slightly, is not so much a victim of currency difficulties as of ill-controlled confidence in its inflated land values. Over-speculation, excessive credit expansion in boom years and reckless investment in real estate, despite warning signals no less than four years ago, have frozen Shanghai's assets at a vital moment. Credit restrictions have come as a heavy blow. Blame cannot be solely imputed to America. Shanghai is suffering the severe headache of the morning after a heavy drinking bout. And the heavy drinker is

more susceptible to disease which a healthy constitution would successfully resist. Shanghai will recover and resume its amazing march to prosperity, but before that happens there will be unpleasant financial experiences, some of which have already shown themselves. Normally Shanghai is a reliable barometer of China—economically and, in a minor degree, politically. Just now the barometer is registering confusedly for, on its own account, it is passing through a series of seismic shocks. Possibly the political function is less inaccurately discharged, for the chief liveliness in Shanghai's present politics is due to a growing assertion of Japanese claims at British expense within the International Settlement. This is being developed by an unofficial body called the Japanese Ratepayers' Association, but it is noteworthy that one of the leading figures in the agitation—ostensibly in his private capacity—is a senior official of the Japanese Consulate-General. It would not be easy to imagine a British consular official being allowed to exploit his personal citizenship of Shanghai in leading a movement against one of the partner-nations in the Settlement.

China's chief need is to redress her adverse balance of payments—and progressive reductions in that balance are a healthy sign—and to achieve that end by improving her economic resources, in better marketing for her crops, speedier communications—rice imported from Rangoon is cheaper than that brought from Wusih to Shanghai—more evenly distributed taxation, removal of arbitrary imposts on internal industries and commerce, greater co-ordination in the government and freedom from external anxieties. The National Economic Council is quietly putting in much spadework. The Chinese Customs Administration, still the country's sheet anchor for administrative sanity and financial equilibrium, has splendidly maintained its integrity, thanks to the wisdom of successive Finance Ministers, Mr. T. V. Soong and Dr. H. H. Kung, who have found in Sir Frederick Maze, the Inspector-General of Customs, a brilliant exponent of the finest traditions of the Civil Service: a man trusted by bankers and the Government alike, whose services have been one of the best contributions ever made by Great Britain to China's advancement.

General Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues, by a sage develop-

ment of the policy of tolerance, expressed in a wide freedom for provincial individuality, have actually acquired for the Government a sense of control unknown to their predecessors. To suggest that this control can be assessed in terms recognizable in the West would be misleading. The very vastness of the country precludes any early attainment of that objective. Yet the aeroplane, the opening up of motor-roads (which, however, still fall far short of the needs of the rural areas for cheap transport) and the quickening of the co-operative spirit in the villages, are all working in the Government's favour, and may continue so to work if the peasant's natural capacity for self-help is allowed to act as the basic motive power, and Government direction assumes more the guise of assistance and advice rather than a dictatorial evangel imposed from above.

How does this fit in with Japan's rapid assumption of the role of the dominant power in China? Theoretically it fits in admirably. Japan can no more do without China than China can do without Japan. China wants to develop her cotton and wool industries. Japan can find a use for the products. Japan can even take a hand in assisting China's industries to find their feet. In the textile trade it is believed that before two years are out Japan will be able to export textile machinery to China, even at the risk of offending Osaka. Japan has already shown a desire to control the Chinese railway system north of the Yellow River in furtherance of plans for keeping Soviet Russia at bay. Japan's organization of Manchuria's railways can be readily extended to the Peiping-Kalgan line. On the Yangtze Japan is already a serious competitor to British trade in a region where that trade has long held sway. Fukien is another of Japan's "special" concerns, as explained above. China does not pretend to an ability to meet Japan in the military sense. General Chiang Kai-shek was not trained in Japan for nothing. On these grounds it would seem that the problem of Sino-Japanese *rapprochement* is simply one for Japanese diplomacy to handle. It would be, were it not for the complication of the military-cum-political ambitions of the Japanese militarists, who use aggression against China at one moment as a definite means of hacking a way through to specific points of control, and at another as a suitable instrument for putting civilian politicians in Tokyo in their proper

place of subserviency for the due preservation of the Army's historical constitutional irresponsibility under the direct patronage of the Emperor.

Nevertheless, the plan proceeds. After each demonstration, whether by diplomats or warriors, it will be seen that yet another consolidation of Japanese overlordship has been effected. Speculation, indeed, is now concerned to decide whether General Chiang Kai-shek will be allowed to enjoy his spectacular success in overcoming the obstacles to China's national unity. It is recalled that when he was last in command of an apparently unified China, the "Young Marshal" having emerged from Manchuria to take stand by his side in the Kuomintang Congress, a sudden breach occurred in Canton and, later, Manchuria evaporated from the Chinese scene. Will history repeat itself? Danger signals fly in the North whence Japanese military spokesmen have bluntly assailed Chiang Kai-shek's "sincerity", and in the South where Japanese influence in Kwangsi is threatening to impede the *rapprochement* between Canton and Nanking.

For China, any setback of this kind means little in the long run. It merely provides her with extended experience in the task of forming her national consciousness. Nor is it easy immediately to gauge the possible effect on the interests of other foreign nationals. Manchuria's "open door" offers poor consolation. It is, as one observer has put it, open enough, but the non-Japanese cannot cross the threshold owing to the press of Japanese bodies in the way. The foreign community in China, particularly the British—partly in sentimental memory of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, but partly, too, in petulant impatience with the contrast between Japan's quick salute of Western materialism and China's wayward laggardness—have been markedly favourable to Japanese policy. Japan has been regarded as fighting the foreigner's battle. This freak of mentality has left a vivid and sinister impression on the foreign thought of the last two decades. It is steadfastly resisted by the younger generation of foreigners and by some of the more responsible of their leaders, but prejudices die hard. These prejudices are plainly evident in much of the literature which has purported to expound China to Western readers. The Japanese have known how to minister to this quaint method of establishing trading

relations with an alien people. They have exceptional means of obtaining information. They are only too ready to place it in judicious form at the disposal of the unsophisticated Western writer who desires to call the world to bear witness to the perversity of "things Chinese".

At the same time the Japanese themselves manage far more happily than other nations to get on with the Chinese. They choose their diplomats with care, and they have a special advantage in certain cultural forms which they share in common with the Chinese. It is amazing to some observers how, in spite of all that has happened in Manchuria and China since 1931, an apparently substantial bond of good will has been already established between the two countries. Japanese traders and diplomats, in fact, have only the eccentricities of their militarists to fear in pressing that good will to really effective issues. The Western foreigner has no right to grumble. Japan's search for economic outlets is perfectly legitimate, and its scope in China is obvious. It should not invite hostility so long as China is agreeable. Indeed it may help to solve awkward problems elsewhere.

At the moment the foreigner is less obsessed by the Japanese advance than by the severity of the economic depression, which makes him wonder, not whether the Japanese will supplant him in China's trade, but whether there will be any trade at all. In Shanghai, except for the preliminary skirmishes over political power in the International Settlement, the Japanese are not disposed at the moment to disturb Western complacency. They are, in fact, alert in tendering reassuring explanations of the march of events. They have an easy task; gentle emphasis on Chinese idiosyncrasies, untiringly held up to ridicule in time-honoured fashion, will immediately dispose of a cohort of ugly and inconvenient spectres. Even the bombardment of Shanghai from the air and from the ground, although perhaps deprecated, was airily dismissed by some as the natural visitation of Nanking's sins upon the urban masses of Chapei.

But when the regimen now being instituted for China's benefit has acquired the respectability of permanence and the wheels of Sino-Japanese *rapprochement* are working smoothly, Shanghai's apprehension may quicken. The notion that Japanese efforts will pull Western chestnuts out of the Chinese fire has receded—

a sign of dawning realism in foreign minds. The next step will, or should, be a taking of stock and a reaffirmation of Western ability to stand upon its own legs. Japan must be granted the right to develop her own economic activities in China, and should be treated with friendliness and co-operation where desired. Yet there is no reason why other foreigners should be called upon to view China through Japan's eyes. Japan's military adventures must be left out of the reckoning. How they may proceed depends largely on the internal politics of Japan herself. They constitute an incalculable factor which, at any moment, may transform the whole Far Eastern situation, and not necessarily to Japan's advantage.

The British community in China, standing for important interests of much benefit to both nations concerned, has every right to be confident in its claim to continued partnership in China's progress. In railway developments, for example, British effort has pioneered. The endeavour now being made to treat railways as a serious instrument for China's advancement, and to take them out of the well-meaning, but untechnical hands of political careerists, deserves British attention. Chinese engineers and railwaymen should be encouraged to grapple with this important problem, and British advice can help them. British representation in China sadly needs the galvanizing force of constructive leadership which can give coherence to British policy and thought, and help the community as a whole to acquire a more effective grasp of the principles of Sino-British relations than it has shown in the past. There is a real friendliness afoot between British and Chinese, working together for China's good and—for no such effort can be securely based on pure altruism—to their own practical benefit. Much needs to be done to uproot prejudices which, by the curious tenacity of their kind, consistently hamper such constructive labour. The China of to-day is in no static condition; dynamic influences are to be discerned on all sides. The Japanese are ready to play their part in their own way. The British, from a position of greater detachment, can play theirs. China, simmering, heaving, bubbling, is no placid arena. The task is all the more worthy of British enterprise.

THE ADMIRAL

BY ALBERT JAROSY

THE alarm clock tore him from his sleep at four. Its shrill ringing broke suddenly into the stillness of the house, and was plainly audible as far down as the fifth story. The Admiral yawned, and stopped the alarm. Then he got up from the divan, and went barefoot the few steps to the sloping wall of the attic, to open the dormer-window. A lovely day! It was the middle of March, and there was a smell of spring in the air already. Against the pale blue of the sky the smoke went up straight as candles from the countless chimneys scattered about like flower-pots over the Paris roofs.

The Admiral wriggled his feet into his slippers, lighted the spirit-lamp and put the kettle on. Then he laid the breakfast things, putting aside with care as he did so the many written sheets lying on the low table. They were covered with a fine old-fashioned handwriting, and contained the report of the last monthly meeting of the Imperial Navy. The "Staff" met in the back room of a little tavern in the factory quarter. After the sitting, a certain number of copies were made of the report, and sent "confidentially" to distant comrades. The Admiral's copy, for instance, was intended for the 80-year old Commandant of the Ironclad *Pavlovsk*, who was leading a lonely and miserable life somewhere on the Persian frontier. The latest news, even if it reached him three months late, gave him moral support and filled his heart with confidence.

The kettle began to sing, and little clouds of steam arose. The teacup with the gilt inscription "Grand Hotel Negresco" stood ready. The Admiral had picked it up in the rag-fair when times were bad. With the speed of long habit he rolled the bedclothes together and hid the bundle in the corner behind

the wardrobe. Then he pushed the table up to the divan and began his breakfast.

While slowly drinking his tea and eating his rusks and sausage, he held the Russian newspaper in his left hand, and searched it for weddings or funerals of "former people". He paid particular attention to funerals, for he now restricted his fashionable life to these solemnities. He never missed a funeral service at the Russian Church. He turned up in his old threadbare uniform, his Admiral's hat on his head, and his breast decorated with a number of orders and insignia. The uniform lay in a chest, carefully folded, and strenuously defended against the moth.

When the Admiral had ascertained, with regret, that no occasion for putting on his uniform offered itself for the coming week, he began slowly to dress. At five o'clock he left his "flat". The cooks and housemaids who inhabited the other attics never came up by day to the seventh story. The Admiral had never met his neighbours. It was an entirely respectable house in a conservative quarter.

As a rule the Admiral went for his walk in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel des Invalides. He was particularly fond of the Esplanade, with its fine walks leading the eye to the grey pillars of the Eiffel Tower. It was a friendly and yet military region. Sometimes he extended his walk to the quays of the Seine, and watched the barges gliding forever lazily downstream. Then he would regret that fate had not cast him into some seaport town. Yet he would hardly have found such an excellent job elsewhere, and at sixty-four that was no small consideration.

From six to seven the Admiral paid calls. As the number of his friends was confined to a small group of refugees, it was not difficult for him to get through all his visits in the course of the week. There was the widow of General Kostromsky, the mother of his regimental comrade Grischa. She was ninety, stone deaf, but of an imperturbable temper. She lived with her daughter Natalie in a tiny lodging. Natalie Kostromsky gave lessons in several languages, and conducted a course for "distinguished manners" which was much frequented during the inflation period.

Then there were a few old Generals, and a member of the

Imperial Council, Shumikoff, whom the dealers supplied with antiques for their American customers to "discover". Shumikoff employed his still unimpaired wits in the invention of histories appropriate to each object and designed to stimulate the cupidity of the "discoverers". That each one had been "prized by the family for hundreds of years" was a foregone conclusion. But thinking out on what historical occasion his father, grandfather, or faraway ancestor had received this or that antique as a present from this or the other Tsar, demanded an inexhaustible imagination which was far from adequately remunerated by a ten per cent commission. At the moment Shumikoff envied the Admiral his "fixed pay", for now that the Americans were not coming over, business was going from bad to worse.

Among the Admiral's intimate friends was the Secretary of Embassy, Jablonoff. He dealt in German transfer prints, came into contact with a great many people, heard all sorts of news, and was particularly well-informed in political matters. As he was still young—hardly above fifty-three—he thought nothing of going round the Faubourg St. Antoine every day, offering his transfers to the furniture shops. They could be stuck on to common factory-made goods, and when pulled off left behind the handsome coloured pattern of a Louis XVI inlay, "pure 18th century", washable and lasting.

One could talk confidentially to Jablonoff, although he had only belonged to the Civil Service. He was intelligent enough to appreciate the importance of the Meetings at which the officers of the glorious Imperial Navy discussed the "political situation" and settled the "Programme of the Fleet" for a future that was as dark as the situation. Jablonoff could realize the danger implied if officers who had been knocking about for years in every imaginable profession were to lose the "warlike spirit". Thanks to the Monthly Meetings, this precious attribute was maintained, ready to unfold in full splendour in the hour of rebirth of Imperial Russia.

It was wonderful to see them—taxi-drivers, paperhangers, house-painters, dental mechanics—listening with serious expressions and irreproachable bearing to the lectures of their superior officers. "Your Excellency", it would be said, "First Lieutenant Galkin begs permission to give a few details of his new

torpedo screw XY436". So well was the military tone preserved!

The Admiral decided to call on Jablonoff. He lodged in the same quarter, with a Petersburg countess who stitched pyjamas. But the Secretary of Embassy was not at home. So there was nothing left to do but to dine a little earlier. There was a place not far from where he worked where, for five francs, one got a whole menu of three courses, with bread *ad libitum*. The portions were generous and nicely served, and the service attentive. The waitresses, decent creatures in every sense, knew their guests, and as the Admiral always occupied the same place he was not merely favoured but literally spoilt by Number Nine. His portions were better garnished than those of ordinary clients, and Number Nine had even been known to advise him against a dish that was "not a success".

In the last two years a confidential relationship had sprung up between the Admiral and Number Nine, though the waitress always kept a respectful distance. And when on a certain evening she told him her son was doing his military service on the *Suffren*, the Admiral had been unable to resist asking her a few personal questions which betrayed his nautical knowledge.

If there were only a few guests in the place, Number Nine would venture to sit down not far from the Admiral's table. She never began the conversation, but waited, with her napkin in her lap, till the old gentleman looked up and asked her how the sailor was getting on. Then Number Nine would go red with pride and take a crumpled letter out of her blouse, and read out from it about manœuvres and gun practice. The Admiral would say something about "ordnance" and "calibre", that she did not understand, and about the "warlike spirit", that frightened her. For she was a widow, and her husband lay in Argonne. But perhaps at sea there was not the same danger.

At five minutes to eight the Admiral left the restaurant. He crossed over the boulevard and went round to the back of the massive block of the *Grand Bazar*. The porter was waiting for him at the entrance; he opened the grating, gave the Admiral the keys, the electric torch and the old army revolver. The Admiral glanced mechanically at the clock. His day was at an end—duty had begun.

It had not been easy the first year. It was months before he could cure himself of falling asleep in his chair. He used to take a bottle of strong coffee with him, and try to keep awake by reading. With time his organism adapted itself to his changed mode of life. He no longer needed coffee, and he left the books at home. In the semi-darkness of the rooms there were things enough to look at and think about. He had never had time for leisurely thinking. The true soldier obeys ; thinking is the privilege of his superiors. And no matter to what rank one attains, one always has a superior, be it His Majesty the Tsar himself.

Now as night watchman of the *Grand Bazar* he had forty minutes out of every hour for meditation. The remaining twenty were spent on the round through the showrooms. At first he had needed more time, for he had gone conscientiously through the upper stories where house and garden furniture were displayed. But in time it had occurred to him that the theft of pieces of furniture was hardly likely to be attempted. On the stroke of each hour he went across the ground-floor sales hall, mounted the winding staircase to the ladies' costumes, millinery and silk underclothing, went round the jumpers, blouses and children's outfitting, crossed the stockings and shoes, went up another flight to the perfumery, soaps and brushes, glanced into the bargain department, lost little time in the cutlery, china, tea, coffee and other services, came downstairs again and made his way back by the stationery, wallpapers, paper flowers, gramophones and photography, to land at last, after a careful inspection of the silversmiths' and clock department, a little out of breath beside his high leather chair, which stood in the corner by cash-desk B.

Now he had once more half-an-hour in which to commune with himself. Not a few subjects had he discussed with himself during all those years. His youth, marriage, widowhood ; his career as an officer ; war and revolution had passed in procession through his mind. But all that was now so infinitely far away. The Admiral had discovered himself one night to be so completely occupied with the present, that his thoughts were returning ever less and less to the past. The past had been complicated and toilsome, in spite of wealth, splendour, and honours. The present was simple, clear, and distinct. He was

alone, without either inferiors or superiors, and, on the first of every month, he had 700 francs paid out to him. A hundred and fifty for the room, 200 for his food, 100 for other expenses, that left 250 that he could set aside. His health was excellent. What more could he desire? He was one of those rare exceptions among the refugees: he had a "permanent" post.

The big clock in the hall was striking again. The Admiral picked up the torch and went his rounds. Then he came back to his armchair. He regretted not having found Jablonoff at home. He would have liked to discuss "the situation" with him. Important things were happening in the East. The Japanese were out for war, there was no doubt of it. What about China? Suppose Japan were victorious, the Red regime was certain to fall. If some Power then—let us call it X—were to fall upon Russia by sea, and a group of volunteer naval officers were to put themselves at the disposal of this X Power—experienced soldiers, whose warlike spirit. . . .

Above, in the gallery that ran round the hall, a sudden noise made itself heard, like a glass falling. The Admiral was about to spring up, but a paralyzing sensation pressed him down to his chair. Silence. Then he heard faint footsteps. He ventured to look round. Two men were coming cautiously down the stairs. One carried a dark lantern, the other a sack and some chisels. They stole noiselessly over the thick carpet, making straight for the silversmiths, clocks, and jewellery department. The Admiral felt his heart stop beating. No doubt the thieves had hidden themselves in the building and waited for a late hour at night. How was it they had not fallen upon him during his rounds? Did they suppose so old a man as he was not to be feared?

The Admiral felt deeply offended, and the blood rushed to his head. He slipped softly behind the back of the chair, turned quickly round, dropped on his knees and peered over at the show-cases in the silver department. The two burglars were engaged, with the utmost calmness, in stowing the goods into their sack. This was too much! The Navy was being derided! The Admiral slipped the safety catch of the revolver, mounted the chair, and drawing himself up shouted:

"Entire Battery—Fire!"

The revolver clicked, but did not go off. The Admiral lost his balance, staggered, and fell headlong, together with the chair, against the glass side-panel of cash-desk B, the panes of which burst into a thousand fragments. There was a tremendous detonation.

A single word escaped the terrified thieves. They ran in panic fear up the stairs and disappeared through the window by which they had made their way in. It overlooked a dark side street. There in the shadow of the wall stood two stalwart policemen, who laid hold of them, and whom they followed without parley to the police-station.

"He died like a hero", said the newspapers, recounting the last hours of the old officer's life. He did not recover consciousness. As the two thieves strenuously denied having entered into bloody conflict with the night watchman, the police declared that a third burglar must have managed to escape after the bitter struggle to which the Admiral had fallen a victim.

"Like a true officer of the old Imperial Navy, he fell at his post", said the Russian weekly paper, "an example of stern devotion to duty even to death. The directors of the *Grand Bazar* have taken upon themselves to give the deceased a worthy funeral. The mourners will assemble in the Russian Church, where His Eminence the Metropolitan Sergei will pronounce the blessing".

Now he lay there in his uniform, with all his orders and badges of honour. His sword and his Admiral's hat rested on a black velvet cushion. The coffin decorations had been lavishly furnished by the management of the *Grand Bazar* from the Artificial Flowers and Wreaths department. The members of the "Naval Staff", too, had made a collection among themselves, and sent a great laurel wreath, with a broad silk ribbon in the Imperial colours, on which was stamped in gold letters:

"TO THE HEROIC LEADER, FROM HIS OFFICERS."

The church was packed. Old soldiers, privy councillors, even a minister, were present. The choir sang the *Gospodi pomilui* in heartrending fashion. Three priests walked with solemn ceremony round the bier. The funeral guests held lighted tapers in their hands.

After the Benediction, His Eminence inquired in whispers

for the relations. With an insight sharpened by long service, the sacristan picked out from among the nearest group a woman dressed in deep black, who sobbed unceasingly, and begged her to come forward.

Waitress Number Nine received the sympathy of the Metropolitan, and experienced the great honour of having her hand pressed in wordless emotion by several old Generals.

(Translated by Violet M. Macdonald)

A SONG

Down our street when I was a boy I met with a friendly man
Who took me to the stone-cross steps and said to me, See Japan.

I stared at the East he pointed ; never have I seen a sky so fine,
A shining height of clouds sun-bright, and loftier hyaline.

And, See the Mountain, said my friend, and I traced the region
cloud
With intense wish to shape that peak, which made him smile so
proud.

I nearly saw, not that alone, but as it felt to me,
Cities and domes and lakes and falls and even doorway and tree.

But just the final lineaments came not, and I told him so,
I only knew that the man was right, and that I was stupid and
slow.

He smiled, and said I should find all out, and the words he left
me were these :
I come from my shop to see Japan, and the Mountain, when I
please.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

LACHISH : A ROMANCE OF PALESTINE EXPLORATION

BY NORMAN BENTWICH

THERE is a peculiar romance about archæological exploration in Palestine. It is not only that Palestine is the land of the Bible and a large part of humanity are interested, and even excited, by any discovery which throws new light on the Bible story, most of all when it fortifies the accuracy of the Biblical narrative, but also that the least of lands is the most historical of lands. Archæology in Egypt has revealed finds intrinsically far more splendid and valuable ; but the finds in Palestine are historically more illuminating. The sites of Palestine for the most part are " tells ", that is, hills wholly or partly artificial, caused by the piling of ruins and debris of successive towns by successive conquerors. An excavation conducted with the thoroughness of modern science removes the hill in successive layers, and discloses beneath the surface the ruins of cities, temples, and shrines superimposed on one another like a palimpsest in ancient manuscripts ; and usually below the ruins there are cave habitations and the cave burials of primitive man.

It is striking that in our time the revolution in the knowledge of the past is not less complete than the revolution in our knowledge of the physical world. New ages of history are revealed to us ; and our knowledge of human effort now goes back to five thousand years before the Christian era, and becomes clearer and clearer each year. Recent excavations in Palestine have amazingly enlarged our vision of pre-history and the most ancient history, in periods of which our fathers hardly had any notion. New names have to be invented to mark the newly-found civilizations, e.g., Natufian for the period of primitive man, called after caves in the Plain of Sharon which gave the first agricultural implements ; and " Calcolithic ", to mark the age of

mixed stone and bronze. The excavations at Baisan, the Bethshan of the Bible, and Megiddo—the Armageddon of the New Testament—where tells some hundreds of feet high are being systematically examined down to the bedrock, have shown us, as in a mirror, the march of peoples and civilizations along what is the oldest highway of armies and conquerors, the *Via Maris*. It was the road which led from Egypt to Syria, Assyria and Mesopotamia—the way by which the British Army under Allenby went up in 1917 and 1918—passing along the coast of the Sinai Peninsula, then by Gaza and the land of the Philistines up the Plain of Sharon till it crossed the Carmel range by a low pass, and then by the Plain of Jezreel to the Jordan Valley, and crossing the Jordan by a ford on to Damascus. Megiddo and Baisan were two of the guardian fortresses ; and the spade of the excavator and the skill of the interpreter have disclosed in their ruins the successive civilizations, Babylonian, Canaanite, Egyptian, Hebrew. They have disclosed, too, the beginnings of arts and crafts, and the international interchange of goods ; and at Megiddo they have displayed the stables of King Solomon, where he kept his hundreds of horses and chariots and carried on a lucrative trade with Egypt and Syria in horse-coping. South of Gaza the veteran of archæologists, Sir Flinders Petrie, uncovered a few years ago beneath the sand-dunes a city of the Hyksos, the shepherd kings and Semitic conquerors of Egypt, who brought the horse to the lands of the Eastern Mediterranean. The life in their buried city is displayed with a vividness comparable with that of Pompeii.

All these discoveries, however, are put into the shade by the brilliant light which has come this year from a Palestine tell that was hardly known a few years ago, even to the esoteric circles. It is called the Tell Duweir, meaning probably the Hill of the Little Convent or Palace. The name has no Biblical association ; but the place, with scarce a doubt, is the site of the Biblical Lachish. It stands on one of the foothills in the Shefela of Judea which rise gradually from the coastal plain ; and it commanded the road that ran from the *Via Maris* eastwards to Hebron and the Judean Plateau. In the Bible story it is an important fortress of the Amorites, taken by Joshua and fortified again by Rehoboam, and conquered in turn by the

Assyrians under Sennacherib and the Babylonians under Nebuchadnezzar. Here Sennacherib received the deputation from King Hezekiah in Jerusalem, offering tribute and praying him not to advance upon Jerusalem. In 1859, Sir Henry Layard discovered in the Palace of Sennacherib at Nineveh a relief, now in the British Museum, which portrayed the Siege of Lachish. It shows the spearmen with their crested helmets, the Assyrian slingers and bowmen storming the city, and it shows the Jewish Chiefs with their curled hair humiliated before the King. The city was again fortified by the Jewish Kings, but Nebuchadnezzar, in the year 597 B.C., destroyed it by fire ; and in the next century it passed out of history. It is not mentioned in the Apocryphal books or in the New Testament.

The finding of the relief stimulated the desire of the archaeologists to find the ruins of the city itself. Some thirty years ago Flinders Petrie, carrying out one of the earliest scientific excavations in Palestine, dug away the Hill of Tell-el-Hesi, and believed he had uncovered the town of Lachish. The very name Hesi, different though it seems, was supposed to derive from the Hebrew Lachish ; and the discovery of a cuneiform tablet, of the same character as the Tell-el-Amarna correspondence (which mentions Lachish) was believed to strengthen the identification. But an element of doubt remained. And some few years ago, Mr. Starkey, one of Flinders Petrie's assistants in the work at Gaza, was struck, in the setting sun, by the appearance of an obvious Bronze Age occupation of the Tell Duweir. When later he was enabled to dig a site independently, he persuaded his backers, Sir Charles Marston and the Wellcome Institute, to let him explore this new tell. Sir Charles has been a munificent patron of Palestine research. He has given the funds for the excavation of the old City of David in Jerusalem, for the re-excavation by Professor Garstang of the old City of Jericho, and lastly for the more speculative exploration of the new site Duweir. His passion is to help to throw light on the Bible story, and he has been richly rewarded. The Duweir Expedition in particular has thrown, as it were, a floodlight both on the period of the fall of the Kingdom of Judah and on the whole science of Hebrew epigraphy and philology.

The finds of the first two years were interesting, but not

sensational. They sufficed, however, to show that the tell covered a historic city, or rather cities, with successive civilizations stretching from before 2000 B.C. to 500 B.C. They revealed a complete system of fortifications, outer and inner walls and outer and inner gates. They laid bare the walls and altars of Egyptian temples, a Persian solar shrine, and a Persian Residency.

One of the surprising features of recent archæology has been the abundant proof that writing was a common accomplishment from the middle of the second millennium B.C. A few years ago the learned world was startled by the discovery of a whole library in pottery tablets, with epic poems, dictionaries, and other forms of books in Babylonian, Phœnician, Sinaitic and unknown scripts, and dating from a period before the entry of the Israelites into Canaan. They were found by the most fortunate chance in a buried Temple of a forgotten Phœnician port, north of the present City of Latakia. We know now that different scripts were practised in Palestine during the period of the Hebrew Kingdoms, the Sinaitic, as it is called, because it was first noted in the mine-workings of the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Phœnician. Amongst the first finds at Duweir was a bowl of about 1300 B.C. inscribed with Sinaitic characters in white paint, and giving the names of Canaanite gods. But this year the digging of Duweir gave a more exciting—an epoch-making—discovery, when Arab boys employed in the dig, washing some potsherds in the debris, noticed something like writing upon a broken piece. And writing it certainly was, not the early Phœnician, nor Sinaitic, but an ancient Hebrew script such as was found on the famous tablet in Hezekiah's water-tunnel below the old City of David in Jerusalem, and such as was and is still in use by the Samaritans at Nablus in the writing of their most ancient Scroll of the Law, and their most modern begging-letters and curios for the tourist.

Some fifty years ago one of the pioneers of Palestine Archæology, M. Clermont-Ganneau, the French Consul in Jerusalem, learned from a schoolboy of the underground water channel that had been thought to be impassable, and recovered the tablet which, in a Hebrew inscription, records its making. The writing on the Duweir sherds is in the same script, but better executed, perhaps because the material was easier. Every piece of pottery

has been carefully washed, cleaned and examined, and so far, eighteen inscribed sherds have been found. They were pieces of red or yellow jars, the common water-jars; and the writing was in black ink on both sides of the fragment. Some of the inscriptions, indeed, have proved hitherto undecipherable, because the sherds had been buried under soot and dirt; others were as clear as if they had been written in recent years. All were found in a guardroom of the Persian period. They had been used to level the face of the side-walls of the room before it was plastered, and they lay in the burnt debris left after the soldiers had worked their destruction of the Fortress.

A few of the sherds were quickly read and interpreted. Scarcely any detectives of fiction are as skilled in the art of deduction as the working archæologist of today, who, it has been said, if not exactly a forger, is very good at reconstruction. Professor Torczyner of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, one of the exiled professors from Germany who have found a new home in Palestine, and one of the most distinguished Hebrew philologists living, was available to interpret. One of the first letters deciphered proved to be a list of names. The layman might think that such a list could give little historical knowledge; yet in fact these dozen names are as informing as if we had a *Who's Who* of Judah in the sixth century B.C. In the first place every name has the same ending, "Yahu", the name of God, which appears in the anglicized form of "iah" at the end of our Isaiah and Jeremiah. That feature not only gives the approximate date, but it seems to indicate that the monotheistic worship of Yahwe, or Yahu, was established at the time. We find the same indication in the change of the name of the King Eliakim to Jehoiakim, which is recorded in 2. Chronicles (36.4). And Jehoiakim was the last king but one of the Kingdom of Judah. Nearly all the names, too, are those mentioned in the Book of Jeremiah and other records of the end of the Kingdom of Judah. Two of them occurred in the Papyri of Elephantine—the Island now submerged because of the Aswan Dam—which have given a dramatic glimpse of a Jewish Colony in Egypt in the early Persian period. Moreover, the writing was instructive in itself. It was written flowingly and clearly with a pen; and a clay seal unearthed in the same excavation indicated unmistakably that

it had been used on papyrus. The inference is that papyrus was the common material for writing in Palestine, as in Egypt, but owing to the rain and dampness of Palestine has not been preserved there as in Egypt. Sherds were used only exceptionally because of the exhaustion of the ordinary writing material in some time of emergency. The supply of papyrus must have run out in the state of siege. We can now justify the saying : " My tongue is the pen of a ready writer ". For the sherds have already revealed half a score of different hands, some very good, some good, some indifferent. It is incontestable now that writing was a common accomplishment of the people in the small towns as well as the capital of the Kingdom of Judah. The " baleful signs ", as they are called in Homer, were no longer regarded as magical.

More exciting records were traced in the other sherds, which furnish something like a connected story. Several of the pottery letters are addressed to one person, Yaush, captain of the guard at the Fortress. Four of the letters are on pieces of one jar which can be fitted together. They were written to him by subordinate officers in neighbouring places, and written in the servile language of the Orient, of long ago and today. The writer is " My Lord's Servant, and his dog ". A conventional form of greeting, too, is found in several of the letters. " May Yahweh let my Lord hear tidings of peace."

The clay seal mentioned above has also its great historical interest. It bears the legend : " Geddaliah, Master of the house ". Now Geddaliah was appointed as the Governor of the remnant of the Jewish people who were left in Judah after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar. His murder was deemed another terrible blow to the nation, and it is still celebrated among orthodox Jews by a fast-day. It is not certain, but it seems very likely, that the Master of the Palace at Lachish whose seal we now have is one and the same with the Governor of the conquered country.

The story which is being unravelled from the sherds is not yet complete. But there are certain references to a Prophet who sends messages that are " not good and weaken the hands of the country ". The correspondent tells his master that one of the messages contains the single word " Beware ". " Why, lord ", he asks, " will you not write to him asking him why he is doing

this " ? Then comes a break ; and the words " Bring him to the King". Another letter reports that the prophet had disappeared when the officer comes to seize him. The reference brings to mind a passage in Jeremiah (Ch. 26. vs. 20-23), where it is written :

" And there was also a man that prophesied in the name of the Lord, Urijah the son of Shemajah of Kirjath-jearim, who prophesied against this city and against this land according to all the words of Jeremiah :

" And when Jehoiakim the king, with all his mighty men and all the princes, heard his words, the king sought to put him to death : but when Urijah heard it, he was afraid, and fled, and went into Egypt.

" And Jehoiakim the king sent men into Egypt, namely, Elnathan the son of Achbor, and certain men with him into Egypt.

" And they fetched forth Urijah out of Egypt, and brought him unto Jehoiakim the king : who slew him with the sword, and cast his dead body into the graves of the common people."

The names of the King's officers are on the sherds : only the name of the prophet is missing. It can scarcely be doubted that this correspondence of the sherds brings before us the orders of the King's Officers for the arrest of this Prophet of the doom. It was an early case of extradition. And another vivid flash in the correspondence tells how the officer watched in vain for the signals of Azika (a neighbouring fortress) and so sent his message to the town of Lachish. There, in clear Hebrew letters, is the name of the place for which the archæologists have searched so patiently ; and that word on the sherd may be taken as a signboard. We have a picture, or at least the tattered scrap of a picture, of the last throes of the struggle between Judah and Babylon. The invader was advancing with his irresistible force to the destruction of Jerusalem. The other fortresses around were falling ; the fall of Lachish was imminent. It came, and the city passed almost out of knowledge until our day. But we may believe that Tell Duweir, or Lachish, has more to give than it has already given. It was the second city of Judah ; and unlike Jerusalem, it has not been built over time and again since the Babylonian destruction. And the diggers have barely come to the surface of the Hebrew city. That will be their quarry in the next season, and it may render undreamed of treasure of Biblical history.

LANGUAGE PROBLEMS IN EUROPE

BY DR. R. HERCOD

ATTACHMENT to one's mother tongue is as deep-rooted in the heart of man as the love of one's native country, of which it is indeed an expression. Take a man of culture who, apart from his own language, speaks and writes perfectly, without the slightest effort, one or two foreign tongues. When he resumes the speech of his childhood he is like a traveller returned from abroad who views with delight his native hills. And the masses who are unacquainted with any language but their own often regard foreign idioms with surprise not unmixed with disdain. The English rustic who hears a conversation in French wonders how people speaking such a jargon can understand one another : he is still today like the inhabitants of ancient Greece to whom all peoples who spoke another tongue than their own were " barbarians ".

But the love of the mother tongue, comprehensible and admirable in itself, leads at times to intolerance of any other. Next to religious differences language conflicts are those which most readily arouse the passions of the masses. At the present time Finland, a country usually so calm, is stirred to the depths by the struggle between the Finnish- and the Swedish-speaking populations ; in other countries also similar conflicts are not unknown. We do not refer here to the linguistic minorities in the countries issued from the war, the Successor States like Czechoslovakia and Rumania, where the population includes a more or less important element of foreign origin. We have in mind rather the states of more ancient constitution, inhabited by populations of different language but equal rights, where language is not the criterion of nationality and the linguistic minorities are as firmly attached to the state as the majority. In Europe we think quite especially of Switzerland, Belgium, Finland, adding perhaps Norway, where the language question possesses peculiar aspects of its own.

In Switzerland this question has never given rise to discord ; her 2,700,000 German-speaking people, 780,000 French-speaking, 150,000 Italian-speaking, and 43,000 who speak the Romansch dialect, live together in perfect harmony. This, it must be acknowledged, is due to the tolerant attitude of the German majority, which has never sought to abuse its supremacy. Even when the region which is now the canton of Vaud, exclusively French-speaking, was subject by right of conquest, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, to the canton of Berne, the victors never attempted to impose their language. Further, the fact that Switzerland is a confederation of states diminishes the possibilities of conflict. Of the twenty-two Swiss cantons only four are not linguistically homogeneous—Berne, Fribourg, Valais, with a population partly German, and partly French, and Grisons, where three languages—German, Italian, and the Romansch dialect—are commonly employed.

In the Federal Parliament members as well as Ministers speak German, French or, more rarely, Italian, whichever they prefer, and their speeches are not translated. Every Swiss subject has the right to address the authorities in his own language and to receive a reply in the same. In the army the units are separated as far as possible from the linguistic point of view : French-speaking troops are commanded by officers of the same language, and so on.

Of course the machine cannot always be said to run upon oiled wheels ; now and then a protest will appear in a French-Swiss paper against the high-handed behaviour of the German-Swiss, or German Switzerland will complain that the “ Welches ”, as they call them, are not sufficiently conscious of their inferior numbers. But these are storms in a tea-cup which soon blow over. It is true that the language frontiers in Switzerland are not rigidly immutable : under the influence of economic circumstances, such as the construction of a railway line, they may be modified slightly, but no attempt is ever made to impose a movement in one direction or another.

In Belgium about four millions of the inhabitants speak Flemish and three and a-half millions French. But though the proportion of the two languages is now about the same, French had for long a preponderating influence. It could hardly have

been otherwise. The French-speaking Belgians, the Walloons as they are called, have at their command one of the world languages, spoken at their doors by the forty million inhabitants of a great country, a language rich in literary treasures, known to the whole cultivated world. The Flemings can lean only on their Dutch neighbours whose language very nearly resembles theirs, a language infinitely less refined than French and which has given few masterpieces to the world of letters. Further, in the nineteenth century the wealth of the country was in great measure concentrated in the hands of the Walloons. It is no wonder that in the Flemish-Walloon organization the Flemings should have occupied an inferior place. The country certainly was bilingual and the constitution granted equal rights to the two languages; but in reality French was dominant in the administration, in the teaching profession, in the army, in social life, and among persons of culture.

The Flemings, however, did not remain content with the inferior position allotted to them, and soon began to assert themselves and their strength. Since the closing years of the nineteenth century there has been a growing struggle between the two languages, marked by the constant progress of the Flemish element. The Flemings have obtained the elimination of French from the university of Ghent and an ever-increasing consideration of their claims. The linguistic dispute has frequently assumed a political character. For the present unified Belgian State a part of the Flemish population would like to substitute a system of wide autonomy for Flanders. Some, a small minority it is true, have dreams of an independent Flanders; we can recall the sensation created during the war by a small group of Flemish agitators who demanded a Flemish state under the protectorate of Germany. Holland wisely holds aloof from the Flemish language disputes, and notwithstanding affinities of language and blood, never encourages the people of Flanders to separate themselves from Belgium and become attached to the Nassau crown; otherwise the language quarrel in Belgium might well become a thorny international question.

The language question in Norway has certain aspects which present some analogy with the efforts made in the Irish Free State to substitute Erse for English. When in 1450 Norway

was attached to Denmark as a subject country, she had no written language, for the glorious literary period of the sagas had come to an end a century earlier. The country had not even any uniform spoken language. Each province spoke a dialect, which often differed greatly from that of its nearest neighbour. The ruling administration was therefore obliged to employ Danish as the written language in its relations with its subjects, and gradually Danish, which has a good deal in common with the Norwegian dialects, became the official and literary language of Norway ; it was also widely adopted in the towns and among all who had any connection, administrative, commercial, or cultural, with the Danes. It is true that the Danish spoken in Norway differs considerably, by various grammatical peculiarities, by terms borrowed from the local dialects, and above all by the pronunciation, from the Danish spoken in Denmark.

When, in 1814, Norway recovered her independence, though continuing to be united with Sweden until 1905, the population preserved Danish as the literary language, and the great Norwegian writers, Ibsen and Björnson, not to mention others, wrote in Danish. But, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, a movement set in tending to advance Norway's claim for a national language of her own. Some writers, studying the local dialects with loving assiduity, discovered therein treasures of homely and picturesque idioms, and, declaring that they were capable of rendering every shade of thought, sought to raise them to the dignity of a national language. But which of the dialects was to be thus honoured ? Why one rather than another ? In order to solve this difficulty, Jivar Aasen, an enthusiastic protagonist of a national Norwegian language, decided to create a Norwegian literary tongue by taking as basis one of the existing dialects, whilst drawing upon the others for its completion. Aasen thus sought to accomplish artificially what had happened naturally in France, where the dialect of the Ile de France has become the language of the whole country, and in Italy, where Tuscan is now spoken by all the Italian people.

The new language was called *Landsmaal* (language of the country, national language). The instrument forged, it remained to bring it into use. Thenceforward the struggle has gone on unceasingly between the innovators who demand the adoption

of *Landsmaal* as national language and the conservators who would preserve Danish.

From year to year the new language has made progress. Not only does it possess its own literature and its newspapers, but it has gradually gained a footing in the administration and in the scholastic system. *Landsmaal* is now taught in the schools as well as the official language, candidates for matriculation must pass a written examination in both languages, and many of the pastors preach in *Landsmaal*. The State radio broadcasts must give a place to each language. The strife between partisans and adversaries of the national language has often been very acrimonious ; when it seems to have been appeased it breaks out afresh. It assumes at times a political character, for the parties of the Left, representing the peasant and working classes, are more strongly in favour of the national language than those of the Right. For the moment there is great confusion, for *Landsmaal* is still in a state of fluctuation, discussions continue concerning changes of construction, substitution of certain words for others, and orthographical modifications. The Norwegian language, as it exists now, has been compared with English of the fourteenth century when it was still in a state of formation.

We come now to Finland, where during the last few months the language disputes have become particularly acute, dividing the population into two opposite camps, endangering Finland's position as a member of the commonwealth of Scandinavian peoples and threatening to embroil her with her neighbour Sweden. In Finland's history will be found the explanation of this conflict.

As far back as the times of the raids of the vikings bands of Swedes crossed the Baltic and settled on the coasts of Finland. Colonization gradually became conquest, and up till 1809 Finland was a Swedish province, the bastion behind which Sweden endeavoured to check the advance of the Russians towards the open sea. The Swedish colonists had found a land inhabited by a population of another race, of a less advanced civilization, speaking a language difficult to understand, belonging to the Ugro-Finnish family, and which did not seem capable of expressing any but the simplest facts and shades of meaning. It was not surprising, therefore, that Swedish should have become the official

language, the language of culture also, a knowledge of which was incumbent on all Finns who hoped to rise to any position in the administration of the country. Swedish was the medium employed in every branch of instruction. The national university of Turku, founded in 1640 and transferred at the beginning of the nineteenth century to Helsingfors, was an entirely Swedish institution. Not until the nineteenth century were any Finnish secondary schools opened, and in the Swedish schools Finnish was barely recognized. Finnish remained the obscure peasant tongue, Swedish continued to be the language of the upper classes, whatever their origin, and of those who entered into contact with them.

The situation changed when, from 1809, Finland became a Grand Duchy of the Russian Empire. The Finns, separated henceforth from Sweden and determined with all their might to resist the Russification which threatened them, were aroused to consciousness of their own identity. Being no longer Swedes and refusing to become Russians, they realized that they were a nation, and they felt that the mother tongue of the majority of their compatriots was a fitting instrument for the expression of their nationality.

This national movement to which rallied even many of the Swedish-speaking Finns—Runeberg, the national poet of Finland, wrote only in Swedish—developed slowly but steadily. In 1835 the publication by Lönnrot of the Finnish popular songs, handed down through the centuries by oral tradition, gave a fresh impulse to the national revival of the country. In the verses of the *Kalevala* the Finns became acquainted with their past, rich in legends of a naïve or bellicose character. Their forefathers, without knowing it, had composed a great literary work, the Odyssey of the Finnish people. Their language, therefore, was not to be considered merely as a dialect of peasants.

From that time we note the Finnish writers abandoning more and more the Swedish language in favour of Finnish. Thanks to their efforts the language so long slighted, but of an incomparable flexibility in the formation of its words, was enriched and refined, and became capable of rendering the most delicate shades of expression. Towards 1860 a writer of genius, Alexis Kivi, deliberately forsaking Swedish, gave to his country some

masterpieces of Finnish literature, amongst them his humoristic novel of peasant life, *The Seven Brothers*, which recalls *Don Quixote*.

By the end of the nineteenth century the Finnish language had definitely acquired its place in the sun, and the language spoken by ninety per cent of the population no longer played the part of a poor relation. All resistance has not yet, however, been overcome, for century-old prejudices die hard. The university of Helsingfors in particular, up to the year 1917, could with difficulty accept the idea that the most important chairs might be entrusted to Finnish-speaking professors without lowering the standard of the teaching.

When Finland, having acquired her independence, adopted a constitution, it put the two languages on a basis of equality; both were to be considered as national languages, and the Finnish State was bound to give the same attention to the economic and cultural interests of the Swedish-speaking as to those of the Finnish-speaking population.

The articles of the constitution dealing with the situation of the two languages have generally been applied in a satisfactory manner. It was more difficult to make an equitable settlement at the university of Helsingfors, for the state of matters there was unjust to the Finnish element; since the country possesses but one State university it was only right that the Finnish language should predominate as the medium of instruction, whereas by a sort of anachronism it was Swedish which occupied the most important place.

The solution adopted after the declaration of Finland's independence was regarded as unsatisfactory, not only by those who are called "pure" Finns, but by the mass of the population. Demands for a modification of the actual state of affairs came from many quarters, and the question might have been settled peaceably if it had not become a political issue. In 1930 the wave of nationalism which was sweeping over our continent submerged Finland in her turn.

The so-called Lappo agitation, starting in the country districts, assumed extraordinary proportions. The masses were fanatical and the government and parliament were threatened with revolutionary action which was only with great difficulty averted.

The Lappo movement was directed chiefly against the Communists. Another group, very influential in university and army circles, the Carelia Academic Union, is purely and simply nationalist, and has many points of resemblance with German National Socialism. Its adherents exalt the Finnish soul, Finnish blood, and Finnish spirit; they cherish the hope of a complete intellectual autarchy, disdain the contribution brought by Swedish civilization, and look upon their Swedish-speaking fellow citizens, however patriotic they may be, as undesirable aliens.

It will be readily understood that the language question at the University would greatly excite these nationalist elements. They clamour for a completely Finnish university where the pure well of Finnish culture shall not be defiled by the intrusion of the Swedish language. To calm the agitation the present government thought it advisable to propose to Parliament a modification of the University regulations acceding in part to the claims of the "pure Finns". The number of permanent chairs allotted to Swedish-speaking professors was to be reduced to thirteen, and Finnish students could no longer be called upon to pass their examinations before Swedish-speaking examiners.

The draft regulations did not please either party. Swedish partisans demanded the maintenance of the *status quo* and were supported by the university circles of the other Scandinavian countries. In Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, most of the university professors signed an address to the parliament of Finland begging that the part given to Swedish, that is to say Scandinavian, culture at the national university should not be reduced. As was to be expected, this intervention from abroad, however friendly and courteous its expression, was coldly received, even by the moderate elements. As for the nationalists, the Scandinavian address set a spark to the tinder-box.

The Government having convoked an extraordinary session of parliament last January to discuss its draft proposals, they decided to resort to obstruction. For some days the Parliament sat in permanence listening to interminable speeches, for the most part prepared by the nationalist committees. Mistakes even occurred in their distribution, to the confusion on one occasion of a peasant deputy who, having received all his education at his parish school, solemnly began his speech with the

words: "At the time when I was pursuing my university studies". The "obstructionists" carried the day, for Parliament was obliged to break up without having voted the Bill.

But it was at the University, where the nationalist students have the upper hand, that the agitation was the most intense. The students proclaimed a strike. They stationed pickets around the University buildings and hooted professors whose attitude they judged to be too lukewarm.

Thus the matter stands. Helsingfors has resumed its classes, and the Government is reconsidering its proposals and examining the possibility of opening an annexe to the University for Swedish-speaking students, whilst the main establishment would be purely Finnish. Such a solution would doubtless be accepted by the majority of the Finnish people who are only anxious for peace;¹ it will hardly satisfy the extremists who, to judge from certain fiery utterances reported later, seem to be fighting not only for the rights of the Finnish majority, but for the complete extirpation of the Swedish language, thus compelling a large section of their fellow countrymen to abandon their mother tongue, and this in a country whose courageous resistance to Russification has been admired by the whole world.

A speedy and equitable solution of the problem is greatly to be desired. For the quarrel has already done much harm. It has embittered the patriotic Swedish-speaking Finlanders who, whatever may have been the faults of their ancestors, do not deserve to be treated as citizens of second rank. It is estranging Sweden. Doubtless the Swedish government and parliament have carefully abstained from any intervention in the matter. But the press is free in Sweden, and certain papers have not failed to protest against the treatment meted out to their brothers on the other side of the Gulf of Bothnia. Finally, it has compromised the cohesion of what is called the Nordic block: Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, whose economic and political action may have considerable weight in the European balance of power. If Finland querulously rejects all Scandinavian influence, how will she be able to collaborate with the Scandinavian peoples? Will she be left alone to face the Russian colossus?

¹ As proof of this conciliatory state of mind we would mention the Finnish Prof. Laurile's fine pamphlet on the language question at the University.

HOLIDAY IN SPAIN

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

NOW that great aircraft cross the world in a handful of days, it is no longer wonderful to pass from winter to spring in a morning : no longer fantastic to eat one's breakfast egg with the dismal grey blanket of London hung against the window and then fly, say, to Tunis, in time to eat oranges, still warm from the same day's sun. Some time, perhaps, when the promised age of equality comes, all Britons will leave England at the end of October and migrate to the warm and gaudy countries with the swallows. England's machines will be silenced and her sullen winter earth deserted until spring comes again and the homeward migration from Spain and Africa and Arabia begins. There seems little reason why economics and machines should put a bondage upon us and keep us in this island during the wet, sunless months, when our bones are cold and our eyes crazy from searching upon the twigs for the first buds of forsythia.

I felt like an emperor brought back from exile as I walked down the garden slope of Algeciras. A few days before, I had been piling logs upon my fire and drawing the curtains against the sight of a lifeless Essex field. Now I walked in a lordly way, among roses, anemones and irises ; my path was edged by violets, white upon one side and purple upon the other. They blossomed in thousands and their smell was excellent enough to make an emperor feel pleased that his banishment was over. The trees and the gardens were gay with the ornaments of spring : the sunlight burned upon my face and hands. The chill left the innermost bone of my body, and my blood felt like good brandy, coursing through my veins. At the end of the garden, where the sea curled between the big, sun-hot rocks, a street pianoforte was playing. A cheeky rascal was turning the handle, ogling and grinning, while his father danced to the giddy tune,

his hair flying and one olive hand extended for our centimos. The emperor lacked only one detail in his grandeur : he had sun, flowers and music, but his brown shoes were stained and dull, and it is an offence for a man to cross the frontier of a new country on a sunny day with dirty shoes.

I found a boot-boy outside the café, on the edge of the water. He squatted in the dust and caressed and cajoled my shoes until they were shining again : rich in colour as a veteran meerschaum pipe. I paid the brat with a peseta dated 1901, showing Alfonso XIII as a tousle-haired boy. It seemed to be an incongruous coin to change hands at the threshold of republican Spain.

My shoes were now worthy of my enterprise. I glanced at them and then I looked up, towards Gibraltar, with its solid, British outline. I recalled the last Duke of Kent, climbing the slopes of the rock on the day when a gypsy waylaid him and told his fortune : that he would marry and that his daughter would become ruler of a great country. The recollection, too, was British, so I discarded it. I turned my back upon the rock and walked away from the sea, deeper into Spain. We climbed to the mountain town of Ronda and the valleys through which we passed might have been Jezreel or Sharon : the same orange trees, heavy with fruit, and the same low mud houses, telling of Arabs rather than Europeans : telling of fleas and indolence and lies. It was still Napoleon's Africa, south of the Pyrenees. It was not until I arrived in Ronda that I was told of the change : that Spain was a republic now. As we drove under the arch, into the hotel gardens, we saw that the first word had been removed from the name overhead. It had been the Reine Victoria Hotel. This little protest was the first to remind us that we were in a country without a king. There had been no apparent signs of the overthrow : no marching or stamping, nor prying police upon the trains : no flags and no thunder. My companion observed a swarthy loungeur on a station and said, " Well, after Rome, it's nice to see a *black* man in a *white* shirt for a change".

We came to Ronda in the evening. It was so late that we could do no more than peer out into the darkness beyond our windows and imagine the great ravine and the stream which was first bridged when the Romans came here. There were

hundreds of dwarfed daffodils, narcissi and big, rich violets on the tables of the hotel, to suggest that out in the night there were fields and valleys of flowers. We found them in the morning, warm and lovely beneath the rays of the sun. But the illusion of an Arab country was still upon us, and the little wizened people, lounging in their shops: the coffee braziers and the latticed windows and screens brought the air of Damascus, with its bazaars and harems, with no hint that we were in Europe. We crossed the bridge and found an antique shop. Indeed, we were driven into it by a persistent tout who assured us that he would sell us the embroidered robes and copes of the Jesuits for a song. It was true, for, in the muddle of wrought-iron lamps, majolica bowls, painted trays and effigies of saints, there was a chest full of precious stuffs which had been sold by the hunted Jesuits, so that they could have enough money to allow them to hurry over the border. There was something horrible in the sight of the gorgeous copes, embroidered in scarlet and saffron, marked at the neck by the sweat of the priests who had worn them . . . like the worn and marked dresses of little princesses which you find in the museums of Germany. "And here is the robe of a Cardinal, very magnificent, which the Americans find very nice for putting over the grand piano . . . only seven pounds in your money. We take a cheque. We know the English are always honest". One felt that it would be a delight to throw the little man into the ravine.

When we told the driver of the crazy, jumping motor-car that we wished to go to Seville, he was delighted. He spat incessantly as we hurtled over the higgledy-piggledy road and promised us that, en route, we would pass the wonderful bulls in a field: the great bulls of the arena. We saw them, in a low-lying declivity between hills, but they seemed to be docile and benign as pampered cows.

It was not until we came to Seville that the full tide of the changes swept over us. There was no gaiety. I saw none of the laughing señoritas or the prettily dressed people to which one was accustomed as a child, in story books or upon the music-hall stage. It was a drab and humourless procession that moved between the lovely houses or sat in the cafés, talking politics. The rich men in the smart hotel were farmers, I was told. They

are the plutocrats of the new order, who have grown fat on the demand for food. Their olives and their crops have sold well, so they are now able to drink imported wine and, occasionally, an English whisky and soda which costs more than three shillings. They drive in English cars and their chief delight is to refurnish their houses with English furniture. The monstrosities that will pass under this label would break the hearts of Chippendale and Thomas Sheraton. Near to my hotel was a shop full of English china, stuffs, lamps and chairs. The assistant to whom I spoke was an Englishman, a graduate of Tottenham Court Road, who showed me a bedroom suite which could be described only by a photograph. The wardrobe was as big as a pantechnicon—a pantechnicon with elephantiasis, for it bulged with carving.

“This is the fashionable English furniture, all designed on old English styles” I was told. I protested and the good man saw that I was not to be deceived. He confessed that these suites were made for the rich Spanish farmers who felt that their way to æsthetic emancipation was through adopting English fashions. They pay hundreds of pounds for the suites, which are designed by Englishmen, specially imported to cope with the new fashion. Noble old Spanish chests are discarded to make room for the horrors. Cards bearing the device *Ingles modo* were shown in the windows of the shops. Seven of the thirteen motor-cars which I counted in the little square, to which we went in the evening, were English. There was no escape from English merchandise, and I began to think that Napoleon’s old gibe was merited, for we seem to be shopkeepers still, but by the way of silent penetration rather than bombast and blowing of trumpets. Seville seemed to be too agitated by political talk for us to enjoy the quiet streets, and even the vast, dim space of the cathedral was disturbed by the discontent outside. The awful beauty of the great golden gates before the altar and the cool shadows beneath the high arches are silent still.

But the alarms of the life in the street were far too insistent for us to stay. The little cabdriver mourned for the old days of prosperity. The theatres were closed and the opera was impoverished. The only amusements in the cool evening were cinemas, in which the English performers we already knew were

acting, and speaking in English. Besides these, there were the cabarets in which drab old harridans, escaped from a Rubens canvas, ogled and danced and sang of the lovely old Spain of which I had dreamed when I was a boy. But their voices were cracked and the illusions of the balconies, the moons and the wine in their songs did not ring true. I found a wild young Irishman in one of the cabarets. He was no more than twenty-five, but he had lived a life which was what he described as "full as an egg". He had been to school in Madrid and he had danced a few steps of a jig in the blue and silver room at Amalienborg. He had seen Tara's caves and he had played dice with a café proprietor on the heights of Lebanon. He was a fellow to be considered and cajoled with cognac, for he had been in Spain long enough to have stored up his own opinions. He was a wild and ragged traveller, but the glint of knowledge was in his Irish eyes. He had not gathered facts, being an Irishman and assuring me that there was no such thing as an Irish fact. But he had his own shafts of wisdom, gathered on the way. "And what do you think of Spain as it is today?" I asked. He was kind to the foolish and ambiguous question.

"It's the *great* failure, the *grrreat* failure", he said. "A bit like Ireland herself, with too much feelin' and not enough calm thinkin'. Yes, and they're needin' a king same as Ireland needs one, because all these politicians are as corrupt as you like. Not when they begin, mind you, they're as full of ideals as an egg's full of meat when they begin. Dreams and fancies, you know. Just the same as me own crazy people. But when they get into power, it's a different story. Yes, they say there isn't one of them you cannot buy for a song. And it's only human, because it's easy to do your dreaming at the bottom of the ladder, but it's a different story when you get on top. Yes, they turned the king out because of some shilly-shallyin' tricks over finances, and now the men they've put in his place are as full of tricks as an egg's full of meat. It's the way I suppose, of human nature. They begin with fine and high-falutin notions of serving the state, but they change overnight when they find that the state can serve them."

The curtain at the end of the room rose upon a garden scene. A big Spanish woman came in and clicked her castanets. We

were silent and the Irishman turned his eyes from us to the stage.

We went to Valencia by way of Cordoba, and in the evening of a warm Saturday we came to the shores of the Mediterranean again. On Sunday we found an open carriage, a dozing old driver and an ancient horse. They carried us through the most beautiful farmland I have ever seen : the famous *Huerta*, which spreads between Valencia and the sea. Here we drove slowly, passing the little white farm houses, with their roofs of rice straw and their flat fields of wheat and barley, carrots, rice and chicory. The farmers who nodded to us were happy men, it seemed, with none of the moroseness of the south nor the political clap-trap of the cities. They directed us to a beach, upon which we stretched and slept in the sun. Next day we came to Barcelona, where we were to stay. It seemed that we could meet no Spaniards in Barcelona. The manager of the hotel was Swiss and the man who sold me a book was German. The proprietor of the Turkish baths was a Canadian and the masseur was from Gibraltar. The cafés were full of foreigners and the stalls in the street were covered by English magazines. In desperation, I begged the hotel porter to suggest a café where I might see some of the people of the country. We found a big, low room, gay with tinsel and pungent from the accumulation of breath and smoke. The music was American and the jokes of the comedian were French. As I struggled to order my drinks, in Spanish, a tall, blond German leaned over from the next table and helped me. He was a Marco Polo, pausing in Barcelona with his yacht, on the way to the Greek islands : the son of a noble German family and himself out of sympathy with the new regime. He had thrown his inheritance away when the Hitler party came into power and, with no more than his yacht and a personality before which Hitler himself might be startled, he had set out to make his own conquest of the world. He had found his contentment among the Greek islands, where he trades when he needs to and lazes when he feels inclined.

When we left the café, at his heels, we found ourselves in the stream of a festival procession. At last, the Spain of my young dreams had come to life ! Boys in paper caps climbed the trees in the Rambla de Cataluna, like apes, and one with a guitar sat astride a branch and played for us. Crocodiles of youngsters,

in mad and pretty costumes, ran down the street and we walked under a continual rain of confetti. Spaces were cleared for dancers, windows opened and streamers were thrown down. Barcelona had very graciously gone mad for us and we soon felt our northern coldness slipping away. The big German went before us, like a juggernaut, clearing the way with his elbows. The tide of little Spaniards fell back before him and we followed. For an hour we stayed with the giddy crowd, pausing in wine shops to drink, lounging in cafés to see the sweating dancers, dancing more madly still as the musicians worked with frenzy upon their instruments. And then the big German grunted, "Enough!" He dragged us free of the bedlam and led us down a labyrinth of quiet streets to the waterside.

Here, in the alternate channels of moonlight and shadow, a hundred little boats rubbed their noses against the wharves. "You will drink wine with me", grunted the German as he handed us across the gap of dark water, between the jetty and his yacht. So we sat in a little cabin and we listened to a dance tune from Rome. When it was over, we sat back with our glasses of good Oppenheimer wine and we talked.

It was good talk, for we knew also how to listen. It was talk of kings and of dictators, of poetry and of cooking. We agreed upon the charm of Mozart and disagreed over the power of Wagner. We talked of bathing in the little lake before the Marble Palace at Potsdam and of the future of Christianity. When the Oppenheimer bottle was empty, and as the first moonstone shafts of morning light were creeping over the Mediterranean, we went back to our hotel, having adjusted all the problems of the world to our complete satisfaction.

JAMES I AS AN AUTHOR

BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

AUTHORSHIP is not an activity prominently associated with English monarchs, even though the first Henry is remembered as a *beau cleric* and the "Fid : Def" on the coinage is a constant reminder of Henry VIII's excursions into theological writing. More recently, Queen Victoria's *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* inspired Tennyson, even before reading it, with the certainty "of finding the lofty and tender sentiments and the hearty enjoyment of Nature, expressed in pure English, which cannot fail to make a book interesting", and added the phrase "We authors, Ma'am", to Disraeli's repertoire of flattery. But the only sovereign whose indulgence in literary composition was sufficiently consistent to entitle him to rank as a professional writer was James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England.

From the publication of *Essays of a Prentice* in 1585, when he was nineteen, to the appearance of his *Meditations* on the Crown of Thorns in 1620, five years before his death, he enriched contemporary literature with poems, polemics, political treatises, and theological arguments. He wrote about witchcraft, tobacco, the principles of prosody, the rights of princes and the duties of subjects; he experimented with literary forms from the sonnet to the dialogue; and he understood the uses of plagiarism and anonymity. He celebrated in verse subjects as widely diverse as the defeat of the Armada, the genius of the astronomer Tycho Brahe and the severity of a winter which interfered with his hunting; in prose, he castigated with vigour and impartiality both Puritans and Papists, so that the Bishop who edited his *Collected Works* in 1616 could, with some show of reason, remark in the preface that the King's opponents might indeed "live securely from bleeding by his Majesty's sword, but they are not safe from being blasted by the breath of his Majesty's books".

His own ambition to be remembered as an author has been sadly unfulfilled, since even the titles of his neglected works are forgotten by all but scholars, yet the curious may still derive some amusement and edification from the literary remains of the "wisest fool in Christendom". His scholastic wisdom, in spite of his singular stupidities, was genuine enough. His education in Scotland, by the learned Buchanan, had ensured that. His course of studies, about the age of twelve, has been preserved by another of his tutors: "After prayers, a period was devoted to Greek, with reading from the New Testament, Isocrates or Plutarch's Apothegms, and practice in Greek grammar. The rest of the forenoon was given to Livy, Justin, Cicero, or Scottish and other history, and the afternoon to exercises in composition, or, if time permitted, to the study of arithmetic, geography, and astronomy, dialectic or rhetoric". After this training he could and did, all his life, converse fluently in Latin (though Ben Jonson once had the temerity to criticize his accent), but he preferred to write in the vernacular—possibly for the reason which caused him to advise his son Henry: "Write in your own language, for there is nothing left to be said in Greek and Latin".

The erudition he inevitably acquired accounted not only for his continual references to Biblical and classical themes—in which he only followed the prevailing fashion—but also for his passion for cataloguing, and for such argumentative ingenuities as:

Our Puritans will say no set prayers, forsooth, that is prescribed by their mother the Church, but every Brother must conceive one upon the sudden. I justly call it monstrous since they will have a thing both conceived and born at once, contrary to Nature, which will have everything to lie in the belly of the mother a certain time after the conception. . . . And this is the universal course of Nature, as well in animal as vegetable things; yea, even in minerals in the bowels of the earth, though the Alchemists in that point agree with the Puritans; and indeed our Puritans may justly be called Chemical Doctors of Divinity.

The major part of James's first attempt at authorship, *Essays of a Prentice*, consisted of sonnets addressed to various classical deities beseeching them to aid him in his writing; it was supplemented by a guide to poetical composition, entitled, "The Reulis and Cautchis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie", which was, in fact, a disingenuous plagiarism, with certain minor changes, of Gascoigne's *Notes of Instruction*,

published in England ten years previously. Here he warned the intending versifier that, to achieve a good style, he must beware that his " words appear to have come out willingly and by nature and not to have been thrown out constrainedly by compulsion " ; he expounded the principles of scansion, gave advice on the choice of words proper to certain subjects, made a plea for a liberal use of alliteration and explained his predilection for the sonnet as lending itself to the " compendious praising of any books or the authors thereof or any arguments of other histories ".

Three years later, in " the King's own sonnet " on the defeat of the Spanish Armada, he forsook classical exercises for topical patriotism, in the manner which still, owing to the exertions of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Alfred Noyes, happily flourishes in these islands :

The nations banded 'gainst the Lord of Might,
 Prepar'd a force and set them to the way :
 Mars dressed himself in such an awful plight,
 The like whereof was never seen, they say.
 They forward came in monstrous array,
 Both sea and land beset us everywhere :
 Brags threatened us a ruinous decay.
 What came of that ? The issue did declare !
 The winds began to toss them here and there,
 The seas begun in foaming waves to swell ;
 The number that escaped, it fell them fair ;
 The rest were swallowed up in gulfs of Hell.
 But how were all these things miraculous done ?
 God laughed at them from out His Heavenly Throne.

In the years that followed the English victory, however, he was too much occupied in maintaining himself on his own throne in the face of his powerful and rebellious nobles, to devote much time to the practice of poetry, though his visit to Denmark to fetch home his bride gave him a short respite, in which he composed some conventional love-poetry and the sonnets to Tycho Brahe, whom he met during his stay at the Danish Court. He also wrote a sonnet, full of the usual classical allusions, lamenting the storm which delayed his departure. It was later discovered, however, that this storm, as well as one which nearly wrecked the ship in which he and the Queen returned, was due not to the vagaries of Æolus, but to the machinations of witches, and his subsequent attendance at their trials

made so deep an impression on his mind that it inspired his first considerable prose work, *Demonology*.

Its publication in 1597 was, as he explained, altruistic enough : " The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me (beloved reader) to dispatch in post this following treatise of mine not in any wise, as I protest, to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only (moved of conscience) to press thereby, so far as I can, both that such assaults of Satan are most certainly practised and that the instruments thereof merit most severely to be punished ".

There was, nevertheless, a definite show of the Royal learning. James explained in detail the eight different kinds of witches ; the differences between the black witches and the white ; the latters' sub-divisions into " arted " and " pacted " witches ; the three classes of demons (the lowest of which were composed of " the damned souls of departed conjurors ") with whom their pacts were made ; the mischievous work of this Satanic hierarchy and the best methods of detecting its members. But throughout the treatise (written in dialogue form) he never lost sight of his main objective, which was to rouse the nation to a lively sense of the peril in its midst. Who, indeed, was safe ? The only safe person, concluded the King, was the magistrate actively employed in bringing witches to justice. On the other hand, according to Reginald Scott, a Kentish hop-grower (whom James referred to as " an Englishman of damnable opinions "), the only safe person was the King himself, as his sex prevented his being taken for a witch, and the whole kingdom was satisfied that he was no conjuror.

It was not only witches who troubled James at this period. His subjects, inspired by the stormy preachers of the Kirk, were proving increasingly disinclined to accept his authority. The following year, therefore, he made an essay in propaganda by publishing anonymously " The True Law of Free Monarchies ; or the Reciprocal and Mutual Duty betwixt a Free King and his Natural Subjects ".

" Accept, I pray you, my dear countrymen ", he wrote, " as thankfully this pamphlet that I offer unto you as lovingly as it is written for your weal. If it be not sententious, at least it is short.

For my intention is to instruct and not irritate, if I may eschew it". The purpose of it was, he explained, "to make you honest and obedient subjects to your King in all times coming" and, should any malcontents be inclined to praise the spirit of insurrection, "ye shall herewith be armed against their siren-songs".

In the praise of Kingship, James was at his best. It was the subject which lay nearest to his heart. To it he returned continually in his writings, his speeches, and his letters. And it inspired him to the Marlovian line

God gives not Kings the style of Gods in vain

which opened the prefatory sonnet to the *Basilikon Doron*, a book of instruction in the art of Kingship, which he wrote for his son, Henry, in 1599.

As became a work of a semi-private nature, only seven copies were at first printed, but one of the seven found its way into the hands of the great Kirk preacher, Andrew Melville. The seed of James's wisdom could have fallen on no stonier ground, for it was Melville who, impervious to the divinity of James's royalty, had actually shaken him by the arm and called him "God's silly vassal". And the tone of the *Basilikon Doron*, with its "Anglopiscopapistical" conclusions, so horrified Melville and his colleagues and gave rise to so much criticism that the King, in angry defiance, ordered its formal publication. This event was the signal for the whole body of pious Presbyterianism (which was the vast majority of the Scottish nation) to go into a two days' rigorous fast to avert the righteous judgments of God on the Court and country.

It might have been thought that such Protestant detestation would ensure Catholic approval, but when James presented to the Pope a copy translated into French, with certain words and phrases omitted on the ground that it was difficult to render them adequately in a foreign language, he fared no better. For the Pope, suspicious, had the original translated and, discovering that the omissions were such phrases as "papistical errors", promptly put it on the Index.

Thus James, diplomatically pursuing the *via media* found, as he was so often to find, that he merely fell between two stools. The interest of the *Basilikon Doron* today, however, lies neither

in its monarchial theories nor in its ecclesiastical excursions, but in the personal admonitions contained in the section on a prince's behaviour in "indifferent things". The King was only thirty-three when he wrote it, but there is about it the accent of Polonius :

Beware of using excess of meat and drink ; and chiefly beware of drunkenness, which is a beastly vice, namely in a King ; but specially beware with it, because it is one of those vices which increaseth with age.

It was, indeed, as he himself was to prove, when no more than seven years later he was carried off to bed at a State reception, too drunk to stand.

In 1604, the year after his accession to the crown of England, James deserted for a moment his defence of Kingship to indulge in an attack on pipe-smoking. Yet even *A Counterblast against Tobacco* was elevated by his accustomed didacticism. For he found that his subjects' passion for the weed which Sir Walter Raleigh had recently discovered for them was a symptom of national degeneracy :

Our peace hath bread wealth ; and peace and wealth hath brought forth a general sluggishness, which makes us wallow in all sorts of idle delights. . . . And surely, in my opinion, there cannot be a more base and yet hurtful corruption in a country than in the vile use (or rather abuse) of taking Tobacco in this kingdom.

Finding men "lusting after it as the Children of Israel did in the wilderness after quails", he was seriously disturbed at the spread of "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking smoke thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless". And, if in his more particular detestation of smoking at meals, he has had many followers, he has had few superiors in invective :

Is it not both great vanity and uncleanness that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing off tobacco pipes and puffing off the smoke of tobacco one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale athwart the dishes and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are at their repast ?

It was not long, however, before James was recalled to the sterner paths of authorship. The Gunpowder Plot had resulted in a stricter enforcement of the penal laws against the Catholics and the tightening of the Oath of Allegiance. Cardinal Bellarmine

had launched an attack on these measures, and the King himself accepted the challenge in his last political work, *The Apology for the Oath of Allegiance*, which is perhaps the most careful and least interesting of all his books.

As King of England he also indulged spasmodically in poetry, though on the whole he was content in this particular to rest on his Scottish laurels and confine himself (as one critic has so aptly described it) to "pottering with the Psalms". In 1611 the new translation of the Bible which he had authorized had been presented to him, and it is an illuminating indication of his critical taste that he should endeavour to improve on that rendering of the twenty-fourth Psalm :

The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof ; the world and they that dwell therein. For He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods.

by his own version :

The Earth belongs unto the Lord and all that it contains ;
The World that is inhabited and all that there remains.
For the foundation of the same, He on the seas did lay
And also hath established it upon the Floods to stay.

There were times, however, when he seems to have had doubts whether the dignity of Kingship was quite compatible with the craft of authorship. At least, in the preface to the *Collected Works*, Bishop Montague—presumably with his approval—spent a considerable space in demonstrating that it was. David and Solomon, for instance, were literary monarchs ; and there was an even more august example, for did not the Almighty Himself write the Commandments on the Tables of Stone ?

But, even had he not been a King, James would certainly have been an author. Writing was a natural outlet for his active, enquiring, dogmatic mind. And though, in his own day, his office ensured that his works were received with an exaggerated respect, posterity may, after all, have redressed the balance somewhat too drastically.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

IRISH LETTERS : TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

BETWEEN Joyce and Yeats, whose seventieth birthday occurred on June 13th, there are seventeen years. Enough to keep the young Joyce near enough to Yeats to be influenced by him and far enough not to be influenced by what influenced Yeats. Between Joyce and the younger Irish writers of the day—and those who have not yet appeared in print, but who are doubtless about to—there must be another seventeen or twenty years. Enough to be influenced by Joyce, but not to be influenced by what influenced him. Romance, in other words, fades into the background. The steps are clear already—Yeats and romantic poetry, Joyce and the bitter literature of regret, O'Casey, O'Flaherty, O'Connor, O'Donnell, and the brutal literature of despair. That is an exaggeration, a rough caricature. But it is, at bottom, true enough as an outline.

Why did this development occur? With Yeats Ireland was stable in its set ways. The hurly-burly of politics, even, was part of the fixed routine of life. They were constitutional politics and could be taken with humour. Dublin was still a capital of many attractions. One could find a movement—people could still cohere. There was a steady social life, there were companies of wits, salons, cafés open late at night,

patrons. Life was light and even gay. *Dubliners* is not a light or gay book, but it depicts—admittedly on the drab side—something of that Dublin; so does *Ulysses* or the *Portrait of the Artist*. But then came Sinn Féin and the War, and the young men who should have been writing *sans gêne* wrote under the shadow of their devotion to death. Nineteen-sixteen blew that old Ireland to little bits and solemnity came in with its cropped head. When Joyce wrote the *Portrait* he was writing of something that was gone and would never return.

Last of all came the Treaty and the Civil War. What these have done to Ireland it is not easy to describe, but what is really important is that those writers, like O'Flaherty and O'Casey, who lived through both phases of the Revolution, find themselves, to-day, mentally uprooted. The change in Ireland which Joyce may regret is nothing to the change in Ireland which these later arrivals have seen.

For the world of our youth, with all its symbols is utterly gone. There is no longer any meaning to our memories of political faction-fights, or of the atmosphere of an English-ruled Ireland; those photographs on the walls, of Paddy in the Munster Fusiliers, or Jacky of H.M.S. *Invulnerable*, symbols like R.M., or

Clerk of the Crown and Peace, or "Grand Military Tattoo", or the Viceregal Lodge, have now, being removed by the rise of the new Ireland, no echo in reality. A new Catholic Irish democracy is risen up to take the places of the old leisured, retired, cultivated class of civil servant or landed gentleman. A whole new set of symbols are in the air. On the walls are now photographs of Liam in Volunteer Uniform—he was "bumped-off" by the Tans in twenty-one, or of Michael Collins as Commander-in-Chief of the Free State Army. The Resident Magistrate who had been to Sandhurst is replaced by the District Justice who was educated by the Christian Brothers and who talks Gaelic. The "bobbies" are Civic Guards, and we know them by their Christian names. On our pennies are pigs and horses and hens. The whole social picture is upside down and we do not know where we are or what is real or unreal, what clashes are arising in it, what values are really being followed in the lives of the people. Every Irish writer of to-day over thirty is a spiritual *déraciné*.

Is it any wonder that the Celtic Twilight is become an annoyance? That Joyce reads like Isaiah? That O'Flaherty has taken to writing his reminiscences or, so rumour has it, a novel about the Famine of 1847? That Mr. Yeats should have to bewail that no Irish plays are being sent to the Abbey now, and that we all feel the Abbey is moribund—for the drama is, of all arts, the most communal and where the commune is a puzzle how can the dramatist depict it? Is it surprising that O'Casey should have turned from realism to a form of expressionism, and have exchanged the Dublin slums for Hyde Park? (He probably knows that world, by now, even better than he

could possibly know his own world with all the changes it has undergone since his exile.) The Ireland of to-day is a muddy sea, and few would care to dive into it.

It was once a matter of small import where an Irish writer lived. Dublin and the country was always there, living to a pattern, and one run across from Paris or London revived it all. The *déraciné* always had his aerial roots in his memories. Now, difficult as it is to feel rooted while in Ireland, it is impossible to feel or be rooted when one is outside Ireland.

What follows must be obvious. Realism is doomed, and the swing back to romance, fantasy, poetry, is inevitable. The modern Irish writer is reorientated into himself, for there alone in his own dark cave of self can he hope to find certainty of reality. And being, perforce, divided by his interest in life and his retirement into self, he must be forever seeking—like Yeats who has lived long enough to see all those changes one by one—a solution to the antinomies within him, a possession of his ego, a Unity of Being. In that search I feel that Irish literature will deepen considerably, and no English critic can any longer say, as they have been saying, "We are growing rather weary of the Irish scene"—for the exploration of the Irish scene is done with for the time being, certain to be replaced by a subjective, intellectual art, possibly of formal beauty, possibly of fantastic colour, possibly of a fiery quality in which reality will become melted into strange shapes. The work of Frank O'Connor is, perhaps, the best example to date of the kind of thing I mean. He is, I suppose, about thirty-two or three, a one-time revolutionary, loving his people and writing of them with

affection. The interesting thing to be looked for in his work is the manner in which he has blended reality and fantasy; he has said farewell to naturalism, yet everything he writes is of the most natural; he has found a middle position where his art has become fluid to match this dazzling interweaving of a perpetually elusive Irish life. Peadar O'Donnell, another revolutionary, sympathetic to Communism, illustrates with O'Flaherty the older type of writer who clings to realism, who attempts to seize the reality of the moment—unaware that, as I have been suggesting, there is no reality in the juggling moment. Teresa Deevy, at the Abbey, is another writer who meets mobile life with a romantic technique. Poetry, with Higgins, Clarke, Geoffrey Taylor, Kavanagh, plays for safety in following the earlier Yeatsian romanticism. But even already the younger poets are coming up—too soon to say whether they are mushrooms or puffballs—Donagh MacDonagh, Denis Devlin, Samuel Beckett, Niall Sheridan, who seem to be asking for a more stern note, a poetry woven more out of inward experience.

If these younger writers over thirty have the talent to seize on their own solitariness and exploit it they may produce some of the finest Irish literature yet seen.

But time is not with them. For soon a new tribe will arise and the old business of exploring the superficial scene—the new social world of the new Ireland—may well begin again. It rests with these younger men and women to be an influence that will keep their successors from imitating those early Abbey plays whose superficiality has already killed them and whose pictures of passing life has already made them *vieux jeu*.

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RELIGION AND THE MODERN STATE,
by Christopher Dawson. *Sheed & Ward. 6s.*

THIS is a remarkable book. We have become so accustomed to analyses of the totalitarian state based on the present political situation in Western Europe that it is with a certain sense of weariness that we open yet another book of which this is the theme. Mr. Dawson therefore starts with the initial disadvantage that we feel sure he is about to batter once more at doors which already are worn with the marks of many knuckles. But it does not take him more than a page of two to dispel any such feeling on the part of his reader, for not only is his writing good, but, what is more important, and much rarer, his poise is so steady, that we quickly perceive that his analysis is really an interpretation and a prophecy. Most books of this kind are, of course, written by secular humanists whose feet are on sand. They are content to abuse the totalitarian state in the name of a very vague and inchoate liberty. But Mr. Dawson stands firmly on a rock, and it gives him a perfectly definite point of view. Knowing that in the end the rock is unshakable, he is able to be fair to the believers in omniscience in government, and we are not treated to the tiresome exhibition of the too easy annihilation of an opponent who is represented only by the more hysterical remarks and acts of a General Göring or a Dr. Goebbels.

An analysis undertaken from this standpoint leads Mr. Dawson to make certain very interesting prophecies. He believes that the future of totalitarianism lies in the hands of Mustafa Kemal and his Turkish experiment. In that, rather than in the German or Italian form, it is most likely to spread. He believes also that "the way is open for a reconciliation between Russia and the West, between Communism and bourgeois civilization". The news from Russia of the last two or three weeks

seems already to be supporting him. He thinks that England is in no danger of either Communism or Fascism, but that we shall quite probably follow a parallel "line of development which . . . though less arbitrary and inhumane . . . will make just as large a claim on the life of the individual". Not by castor oil and concentration camps, but by secular education and compulsory clinics of different kinds will totalitarianism come here.

He is quite clear that totalitarianism in any form is the enemy of religion, and he therefore turns finally to discuss what religion should do about it. What disturbs him about the present tactics of Christianity is that they fall in with the very social emphasis which is most likely to produce totalitarianism—the desire to build the new Jerusalem at once and on the spot, without a sufficient consideration of the values which any Jerusalem that is going to be any good to a Christian must enshrine.

"There are, it is true, quite a number of different Jerusalems: there is the Muscovite Jerusalem which has no Temple: there is Herr Hitler's Jerusalem which has no Jews, and there is the Jerusalem of the social reformers which is all suburbs: but none of these is Blake's Jerusalem."

Nor are any of them the Jerusalem which is above, the mother of us all, which is free, and which alone the Christian cares twopence about. There is truth in that indictment of a mere Christian reformism. It can never save the world from the idolatry of state-worship. The only Christianity which can prevail is that which is a message about God and not about man. This is a book which should be deeply pondered and taken to heart by all Christians who are disturbed by the present situation. It shows to them the conditions on which they can help, and to the world the way by which it can escape from its most pressing danger. ROGER B. LLOYD.

T. E. LAWRENCE: FACT AND LEGEND

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM, by
T. E. Lawrence. *Cape*. 30s.

To many of those who knew the late T. E. Lawrence intimately it is almost an impiety to criticize him, even by his known works to appreciate him. "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?"—they have only to ask this question, and, receiving a negative answer, may dismiss abruptly and like Olympians any delving into the legend which, not without help from Lawrence himself, was woven in the West about his name, and into the legacy which he bequeathed in the form of literature and in the map of Arabia. Such an attitude, it may be recalled, was cultivated about another, lesser man, Rupert Brooke, who to the eyes of his friends seemed almost godlike. But, as time passes, such poses are ignored: the achievement of the artist alone matters.

How, then, in the face of and after reading *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, assuredly a grand if uneven book, are we to judge T. E. Lawrence? That he was no "uncrowned king of Arabia" need scarcely be repeated to anyone familiar with post-war Arabia, even though it is evident that Lawrence himself toyed with the idea—only wisely to dismiss it, with the capture of Damascus in October, 1918—of asserting authority over the Arabs in times of peace and without the gold by which to complete their "spiritual conversion". By the Arabs themselves he is, but for those who have since become acquainted with the West, quite unremembered. The reviewer was recently in all the country lying between Aqaba, which Lawrence brilliantly took in 1917, and Damascus, which fell the following year, not as a result of escapades in the desert, but because of Allenby's advance through Palestine and

Syria; he asked frequently about Lawrence. None of the Bedouin remember him, except as "one of those Englishmen in the War": the "legend" never had any existence in the land of its origin, but became a living thing only when imported (after Lawrence had given to Lowell Thomas, the American traveloguer, some specially posed photographs and had read every word of his book before it was printed) into Europe and America. Sooner or later it must wholly die. But we shall know more of his accomplishment and authority among the rebelling Arabs when the accounts by his Arab fellow-combatants are published.

Nor is it seriously arguable that, but for his efforts, the Turks would not have been beaten in the Great War. The "Revolt in the Desert" was in truth, to use Lawrence's own phrase, "a side-show of a side-show", and, although the daring and endurance displayed in it have bemused some observers into thinking Lawrence one of the world's military geniuses and the Arabs with him a noble people struggling with heroic unity towards freedom, the truth is that nothing which happened in the desert east of the Hejaz Railway had any vital effect on the issue of the World War, and that the fissiparous tendency of the Arab character has been as much seen since the collapse of the Ottoman Empire as before. Comparisons of Lawrence with such commanders as Marlborough have provoked one of his friends with him in the desert to remark: "You might as well compare an undergraduate who makes a nice century in the Varsity match with W. G. Grace". That verdict is, I think, just and final.

The fact is that to few of those Arabs

outside the shower of golden sovereigns did this "revolt" appeal. And, in a little while, Lawrence's Arab world was to be swept away by the disapproving ranks of Ibn Saud. In Iraq alone (which Lawrence visited during the War to offer the Turks an ill-conceived bribe for the Kut besieged and in which he found an eventual kingdom for his friend, Faisal, ejected from Syria) is there such Arab independence as he dreamed of. His Arab plan has gone awry.

Yet of *Seven Pillars* itself who shall speak but with awe and humility? It is magnificent, superb even in its patent imperfections, the proud and frank confession of a man tortured in mind and in body, a descriptive narrative unsurpassed in contemporary literature. Artificial, yes; but only shallow people repeat the foolish assertion that the desert of itself can give to its inhabitants the gift of great prose. Uneven, yes; for Lawrence had not so informed his pen as to make it a lucid mirror of his thoughts, which are apt to appear tangled and diffuse. But his descriptive passages are superlatively, immortally good—why should one not risk the prophecy? Take, for instance, his writing upon the two places which above all struck his imagination and evoked his highest powers, and in which at times he fain would have spent the remainder of his days—Wadi Rum and Qasr al Azraq. The first is still little known, the second now freely seen. But no traveller will ever excel his reactions to the serene beauty inhabiting these "magically haunted" outposts: Rum, "the processional way greater than imagination", Azraq, whose "unfathomable silence was steeped in knowledge of wandering poets, lost kingdoms, all the crime and chivalry and dead magnificence of Hira and Ghassan". In these two marvels of Nature I have stood, steeped in admiration, yet not unconscious of pride in the fact that to an Englishman had fallen the lot of describing them in unforgettable words.

About the name of Lawrence the sands of Arabia are likely to blow with disintegrating effect, until the statue which exists in many minds is unrecognizable; but against *Seven Pillars* the winds from north, south, east and west will blow in vain. For, whether of wisdom or not, they are made of honest granite.

A DICTIONARY OF FRENCH SLANG. By Olivier Leroy. *Harrap.* 6s.

It is hard enough to keep up with our own slang, without attending to the slang of our neighbours. Professor Leroy's dictionary is therefore a blessing. It is as good a guide to the French lingual underworld as the English reader is likely to require. I have tried all the French slang I know without finding anything serious missing; and the book stands up to closer investigation under the pressure of Céline's *Voyage Au Bout de la Nuit* and other slang-studded books. To compile a useful dictionary of this kind is a most difficult task. So much slang is specialized. Some dies quickly after a few brilliant years; some becomes absorbed via racy idiom into respectability. There is an intermediate list which neither sinks nor rises. Meanings vary with locality and are many. For example, Professor Leroy defines "*scie*" (literally "saw") as a "bore, worry or nuisance". Also as "a so-called comic song with the same idiotic refrain". One of its other meanings, "mother-in-law" has escaped him. He gives "*casse-patte*" as "raw spirit" with the interesting U.S. parallel of "tanglefoot"; but down among the sailors of Toulon "*casse-patte*" means nothing more than white wine; and red wine is "*pousse au crime*", which he does not give. This is not criticism. To make a dictionary of slang is like attempting to catalogue an ocean. V. S. P.

DESIGN FOR XXth CENTURY LIVING

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE NEXT FIVE YEARS. An Essay in Political Agreement—by many influential signatories, representative of all shades of thought. *Macmillan.* 5s.

IN DEFENCE OF DEMOCRACY, by J. S. Fulton and C. R. Morris. *Methuen.* 5s.

LABOUR'S WAY TO CONTROL FINANCE. ("Labour shows the Way" Series), by John Wilmot, M.P. *Methuen.* 2s. 6d.

FOR those of us who have for some time taken the view that the dry-rot of *party* allegiance is the greatest danger to the democratic ship of State today this Essay in Political Agreement is significant and heartening. Its signatories include Conservative and Liberal M.P.s, two ex-Chairmen of the T.U.C. and a wealth of writers on public affairs who, though consumed with reforming zeal, for one reason or another remain outside the Labour-Socialist conventicle. The one bond uniting them is a conviction that English democracy is ripe for leadership into new country as different from the nineteenth century flats as Mr. Elliot's "new deal" for agriculture is from the economics of the text-books.

The two Balliol dons, who have subjected the present condition of democracy to a most penetrating analysis, reach the conclusion that the age of the positive State has arrived, and that "the plain man, whatever his party or social class, has seen the point for many years. The old *laissez-faire* State has gone for good, and no one thinks it can be restored". Lord Allen, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and the 150 other signatories of this five-year plan make the assumption that there is a sufficient basis of consent for a progressive policy at home and abroad,

to be prosecuted by a *national* government worthy of the name.

What are, then, the essential features of the new liberalism, of this design for twentieth-century living? At the apex of the new structure stands a Government Planning Committee composed of Cabinet Ministers freed from daily departmental responsibility. It will be served by an Economic General Staff, a standing body responsible to the executive, and thus subject to parliamentary control, composed partly of whole-time civil servants and partly of public men with special experience: in no sense an "economic parliament" but a functional body capable of taking the strain under which, in modern economic circumstances, the representative regime in so many countries has broken. Other statutory bodies are to be a National Development Board, a National Housing Commission, and a National Investment Board. Wide latitude is to be given under an Enabling Act for industries to work out for themselves the appropriate form of re-organization, so that the final picture will show:

(1) integrated private enterprise where industries—like the cotton trade—will possess powers to compel their recalcitrant minorities to come into line on such matters as wages, hours, standards, research, with a safeguard of public control;

(2) public concerns, i.e., giant combines whose virtual monopoly powers require a measure of public control because of their bearing on the rights of large sections of the community;

(3) public utility organizations—to include the joint stock banks;

(4) fully socialized industries, e.g., transport, electricity, some forms of insurance, mining royalties, etc.

By contrast with the Lloyd George plan, *The Next Five Years* assumes a revival of British export trade, in virtue of Britain's strong position as a buyer. The old Liberal yeast is still working, and the authors betray a simple faith in "world recovery", in the resumption of lending by the British money market, of the return to normal of agricultural conditions and prices, etc., which suggests that they have not probed very deeply into the reasons for the present world economic crisis. Their proposals on monetary policy, too, are absurdly inadequate. They perceive the need for remedying the unsatisfactory working of the capital market and for reform of the status of the Bank of England, but the prescription stops there. Of the need for consumer credit or some means of developing purchasing power to keep pace with production there is not a hint. Financial policy is made to depend upon the speed with which international economic collaboration can be re-organized.

Mr. John Wilmot, on the other hand, clearly sees that there is a two-fold problem: (1) to reorganize the existing financial and industrial system and remove its patent abuses, and (2) to create a new monetary system which will ensure that as productive capacity increases the ability to consume what is produced shall also increase. Like other Labour reformers, with the exception of Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in his latest treatise on *Principles of Economic Planning*, Mr. Wilmot gives no indication of how this is to be done, but at least he recognizes that "we have to look at the financial system from an entirely new angle". His little book is an admirable piece of work and should lay many of the bogeys that have been raised by party cat-calls about the "nationalization of the banks".

The programme advanced in *The Next Five Years* is, of course, at once too comprehensive and too timid to warrant

the contributors being co-opted *en masse* as the thinking General Staff for the next Government. A composite work of this kind is bound to suffer from such a handicap. But as a blue-print for the English revolution, it will repay careful study.

DIAGHILEFF, by Arnold Haskell.
Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

It is seldom in a lifetime that we are shocked and made breathless by a sudden and overwhelming beauty. This, however, was the experience of Londoners when, two or three years before the Great War, Diaghileff brought "the Russian Ballet" to amaze us. Indeed, I would say that this first revelation of the company's marvellous *ensemble*, of Nijinsky's unique genius, and of Bakst's bold and barbaric design and colour probably made up the greatest æsthetic surprise and influence of our age.

Mr. Haskell, England's most eminent ballet-lover, has written a life of Diaghileff which will please anyone of intelligence and will enthrall anyone for whom there is magic in the names of Nijinsky, Karsavina, Bolm, Fokine, Cecchetti and Bakst. The story of Diaghileff's career has also the glamour which always surrounds the life-story of a man who has succeeded in a large-scale enterprise. It is clear that he was much more than a financial manager. He was in fact, an aristocrat who had little interest in acquiring money and little capacity for using it with economy. It seems, rather, that he was an artist without an art. His ambition in youth was to become a composer, and it was Rimsky-Korsakov who nipped that ambition in the bud. Nevertheless, Diaghileff's technical knowledge of music (Nijinsky, we learn, had almost none), together with his consuming passion for visual beauty and his flair for discerning creative genius in others, made of him an impresario of a kind unknown in this

country, a man at once critical and inspiring.

Most people know already that he was homosexual, and Mr. Haskell deserves credit for speaking clearly about the matter—not exploiting it nor yet failing to realize that this peculiarity had a considerable effect upon Diaghileff's productions. It may even explain the prevalence in the Russian company of feminine dancers who, though boyishly beautiful, were notably lacking in sex allure. Again, Mr. Haskell gives us an account of Diaghileff's association with the ill-starred Nijinsky which is obviously just and is a necessary corrective to Madame Nijinsky's account.

Many readers may find the first half of the book somewhat indigestible, filled as it is with the difficult names of Russian painters and musicians who are not known to most of us: but even here we may capture the sense of a group of men who cared passionately about the arts, discussing movements and technical problems with the zeal which many people reserve for political questions. It is interesting, too, to find that Diaghileff and his early friends were much influenced by the work of Aubrey Beardsley, and that the world-famous impresario began by editing an art-magazine and sponsoring exhibitions of pictures.

Like many who share his sexual abnormality Diaghileff had (as we learn from Mr. Haskell) a morbid terror of becoming old. He clung frantically to youth. He was terrified of ceasing to be up to date. He gave his support, in consequence, to many styles and crazes with which he may well have been not truly in sympathy; and it is probably for this reason that, at least in my judgment, the Russian ballet became poorer each time that it visited London. A newcomer to it could never believe that it had ever been more beautiful, and it was useless for a pre-war ballet-goer to

praise past times. At this distance, however, many people would agree that the post-war ballets, aiming at modernity, very often expressed no more than the fad of the moment.

Diaghileff died six years ago, in the middle fifties—fortunately, in view of his temperament, not knowing that death had come to him. Had this man not been so completely in love with beauty we should never have seen, presumably, the miracles of movement, grace and colour which the Russian ballet revealed to Western Europe. The influence of that ballet has now, no doubt, been absorbed, but it would be difficult to measure the extent to which Diaghileff's fine taste has affected the æsthetic taste of millions of people in Paris, London and Berlin. We soon lose track of such influences. The world, however, would be a perceptibly poorer place if Diaghileff had not lived in it.

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JOSEPH CONRAD AND HIS CIRCLE.by Jessie Conrad. *Jarrollds.* 18s.**THE LETTERS OF JACOB WASSERMANN TO FRAU JULIE WASSERMANN,** edited by V. Grubwieser. *Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

THE best book about a great man is not usually written until many years after his death; and then, favourable or not, the portrait will be idealized. There is this interest, at least, in the precipitate memoir or revelation (how many we were given about D. H. Lawrence!), that it is *terre-à-terre*, that despite itself it often communicates the idiosyncracies, the physical presence of the man as the more distant biographer can never do. Mrs. Conrad's description of her husband has this interest. It is, by any standards of biography or memoir-writing, a bad book, badly and cheaply written; but the memory of Conrad, his heaving gesture of despair, his habit of flinging away a freshly-lit cigarette, or lifting one drooping eyelid with a finger when he was agitated, does emerge, almost accidentally, from her pages. I felt after reading the book that I had seen Conrad for a moment in the flesh—one of those glimpses of a great man which one foolishly cherishes—and had heard him give some order to a servant in a brusque, foreign voice. Such impressions are superficial, and yet they sometimes reveal a trick of the body so characteristic that, for want of better

acquaintance, we accept them as an important disclosure.

Perhaps one reason why Mrs. Conrad's book imparts only this glimpse is that from beginning to end it presents Conrad as a complete stranger, a stranger to his family as well as to us. How odd he is, Mrs. Conrad seems to exclaim on every page, this husband of mine! All his sentences end with a muttered "damn"; the illness of others affects him so that he sympathetically retires to his bed with an attack of gout; he changes house on a moment's inspiration, and dallies at the last moment looking at his books and pictures; he marries with the intention of having no children and is surprised and mildly reproachful when his wife informs him that she is pregnant. "I sometimes wonder," says Mrs. Conrad, "what divides the genius from the person who is only a bit queer." Only her "sense of humour," apparently, pulled her through. The reader will find this state of affairs naively recorded in great detail, and at the end may be left wondering how it was possible for such a husband and such a wife, understanding so little of one another, to live together in comparative harmony.

The Letters of Jacob Wassermann to His Wife is a better book, but too slight to interest those for whom Wassermann is only a distant and rather pretentious literary figure. If you admire Wassermann as Arnold Bennett did (he considered him another Tolstoy), you will enjoy this small tribute by his wife. In printing his letters to her and explaining the circumstances, she has done her work admirably. There is no trace of personal irritation, hardly a shadow of the divorce which separated them when she was forty-seven years of age. It is a book of love-letters, playful, affectionate, and as simple as Wassermann's novels are tortured and complicated. G. W. STONIER.

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Other announcements to follow.

GASTRONOMIC ITALY. THE WINES OF ITALY. MAPS. Published free by the *Italian State Tourist Department*, Waterloo Place, S.W.1.

GOOD FOOD FROM SWEDEN, by Inga Norberg. *Chatto & Windus*, 5s.

IN the last twenty years there has been an increasing flood of books about food and wines. The pleasures of the table seem to have been recognized since the War to a degree never known before it, as one of the legitimate preoccupations of the human mind. It is curious to note that the food books, whether chatty or practical or both, have been increasingly read at a time when the vagaries of the digestion and the kinks of the mind have simultaneously produced a thousand special diets, a thousand inconvenient whims, and a thousand ways of supporting the vanity which wishes to keep the body slim, to pamper the digestion with half-work, by means which, if not unnatural, are at any rate affected.

Interesting foreign forms of food have been much stimulated by the coming of the small car. People have been carried into districts never known to them before, and, if they have any common sense at all, they have brought back with them not only snapshots, but recipes. This has been thoroughly realized by such a go-ahead body as the Italian State Tourist Department. In 1931 it first brought out a *Guide to Gastronomic Italy*. That is a compact volume, of a good size either for the pocket of a car or for propping against the dresser, and full of interesting information about the gastronomic aspects of the different provinces of Italy, and of recipes for reproducing those specialities. This is now followed up by the new production of two maps, admirably slim and travelable, showing the tourist exactly where to go for such and such a delicacy or such and such a wine. The maps are coloured, amusing, and instructive; on their backs appears in English an excellent

summary of the delights to be found in any particular portion of Italy.

From Italy to Sweden. Mrs. Norberg's book is filled with the most attractive recipes, written in plain and concise English, for every kind of food. It is in many cases so prolific in fattening products that the people who only know Sweden by its hard bread, ordained for them by their beauty doctor, will be horrified by the list of ingredients. Nevertheless, would it not be well to stop and consider that the reputation of the Swedes among us is that of a tall, honey-coloured and slim race, who invented hard bread, not for slimming purposes, but because a thinly populated country, a thousand miles long, could not possibly expect a baker to call every morning? They had to produce a kind of bread which would keep.

But why should the noble native cookery of provincial England be hiding behind a bushel, or any other measure? Miss Florence White's book on *Good Things in England* represents the admirable work that she is doing in the English Folk Cookery Society — though its dinners have hitherto concentrated too much on out-of-the-way dishes, rather than on showing how good plain English cookery can be, without referring to more or less obsolete dishes. Her Association produces a good food register, which tells one where to find certain specialities. The register is growing with its several editions, but there is still excellent reason for suggesting that foreign visitors are not sufficiently acquainted with the pleasures of English cookery. One may also add that English hotel-keepers are not yet acquainted with the attractions that their local gastronomic productions would have for the tourist. The Italian gastronomical guide is a pioneer whose methods might be followed. Neither the tourist nor the hotel-keeper will be lacking if either is given any encouragement.

There is already an inn in Hertfordshire which undertakes to produce any particular dish if it is ordered by telephone. That is a step in the right direction. Have you ever been to the Three Hammers, where they give you a black-currant pie with cream which is no mere sweet, but an ode to the great? Honour to Italy, honour to Sweden, heartfelt thanks for their gifts to our table; but let us also do honour to what must be the apex of the triangle to any Briton, and a hope that it will be given an even start in the race. H. PEARL ADAM.

DESOLATE MARCHES, by L. M. Nesbitt. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

ONE of the attractions of Mr. Nesbitt as a traveller is that, when he travelled to such appalling places as Abyssinia or the swamps of the Orinoco basin, it was in the course of his work, and not solely with the romantic aim of making himself suffer. In consequence his work has an undertone of seriousness, whereas in many excellent books on the more heroic plane of travel or exploration one detects the nonchalant, gentlemanly voice of the amateur. What matters most, of course, is the quality of any traveller's capacity for experience and his power to convey it; and here Mr. Nesbitt has obviously original gifts. The llanos of Venezuela, which are the scene of the present book, provided less spectacular material than Abyssinia, but these gifts transform what might have been dull into something deeply interesting and quietly stamped with the traveller's character.

It is the wise rule of the Venezuelan Government to require the foreign oil concessionaires in this desolate region to survey the country adjacent to their territory; and Mr. Nesbitt was called in on such a job. The foreigners are to some extent redeeming a country which for the last hundred years has been receding from the relatively high level of Spanish colonial civilization into misery.

The race of cattlemen, who made the superb guerrilla fighters of Paez and Bolivar, has almost died out. The cattle are vanishing. Towns and villages are dwindling and every year one or two more fall to the encroaching swamp and forest. Dysentery and fever are driving the people to the coasts; and only those too infirm to escape or who are fugitives from justice remain. Here and there a fine Spanish house and its surviving owners bear witness to the richer past; they stand out tragic, wasted and grotesque. The llanos of Venezuela are a blasting illustration of what happens to a country whose politics have become faction-ridden, and whose factions take to civil war. Mr. Nesbitt, in the course of his journeys and in the huge task of cutting thirty-mile avenues through the forest, was continually coming across the human wreckage. He had passed chained convict gangs on the "roads"; but there was an even more tragic population of escaped convicts. These had come chiefly from Devil's Island, for semi-slavery in the docks of Venezuela or misery in the llanos is what freedom means to them. The boon of the survey is that it brings work and some recovery of self-respect for an apparently excellent people. The only man Mr. Nesbitt had any real trouble with was a continuously drunk Englishman.

His portrait of this man is extraordinarily good. Mr. Nesbitt was a patient believer in the eventual appearance of virtue in the least likely characters. This English whimperer and incompetent, the last word in maudlin unreliability, had a taste for flowers. There are more striking people. It is incredible that commercial travellers should penetrate this region, but Mr. Nesbitt found one in the ubiquitous, and naturally thriving, patent medicine industry. The job, he discovered, involved exposure not only to banditry,

but to the chances of revolt. Many a time the poor man had been carried through the forest, half dead with fear, by men who, he knew, were calculating whether it would pay them better to finish him off there and then and rob him. Only by making their reward depend upon the delivery of his body at the coast, *alive or dead*, did he escape. They could not deliver an obviously murdered man.

If a man dies in this country all the people in the neighbourhood gather to fell one of the large mahogany trees which stand marked and, with the ground cleared round them, prepared like this against likely deaths. The lid, the only separate part—for the carrying poles are part of the coffin—is pegged down and not nailed. Then all help carry the enormous load, everybody gets drunk, while the candles in their hands melt in the heat of the sun. Once or twice a year the priest comes round to give a general mass for the dead. He also conducts marriage ceremonies and christenings by the score, to catch up with nature's unions and fruitfulness.

Mr. Nesbitt did not escape from this desolate and bizarre place without sickness or dangerous adventure. There was a terrible episode in which he was lost in the forest, described with remarkable objectivity. The whole is done in a quiet, plain style of unemphatic vividness, with none of that South American forest hyperbole which has ruined so many travel books of the kind.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

POEMS OF TOMORROW. AN ANTHOLOGY, by Janet Adam Smith. *Chatto & Windus. 5s.*

FOR some time now we have been observing (willy-nilly, as you can't help observing a bungalow going up in front of your sitting-room window) the making public of a kind of verse to which England has not hitherto been used. It is, is it not,

the skilful shaping of things ordinarily considered ugly, into verse, that distinguishes this new group from any previous poets? Shaping not humorously, as Burns treats of the louse (which Miss Adam Smith, the editor of this Anthology, mentions), but in all seriousness. It is, so to speak, a case of letting the words speak for themselves; and if they convey nothing, why, we listen all the same, and tell ourselves how up-to-date they are!

The Editor writes in her introduction:

I do not claim that each of the poems in this book is a work of genius, but I believe that as a whole these poems are the work of men in sympathy with the spirit of our age, and that two or three of these men, "invigorating and inspiring" the others, are introducing that new element into our time which will seem, in due course, to have been their age's natural and necessary contribution to English Poetry.

We may add that there are ninety-two poems by thirty-nine writers in this anthology.

The voices:

A creation insulate
From the corrosive breath
Of death; prohibiting the
Collision of internecine states
As two elements conflagrate
End in ashes, we emulate.

(George Barker: *Fistral Bay*).

and:

By day
the cat on the mat
the moon at night
the light in the eye,
the house and home,
to ghosts gone.

(K. J. Raine: *Outlaw*).

send us back to Arnold's citation of Keats's lines:

The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores. . . .

and, thinking then of:

the cat on the mat. . . .

we wonder whether great or good lines (fashionably so) are not, after all, as much a case of association with the hour

that sees them written and printed, as anything else. At any rate, we might hesitate long enough before offering Arnold (if we could) as even respectable successors to Keats's great lines, or to those of Shakespeare or Wordsworth, Mr. Raine's line or Mr. Barker's :

Collision of internecine states. . . .

There is one beautiful and fascinating prose passage in *Poems of Tomorrow* ; our thanks are due to the Editor for providing it from the long-dead, yet ever-fresh, Wordsworth. True, it would be a poser to find what Wordsworth has in common with this new verse—save, indeed, that the new green oak-leaf shares *newness* with the new manufactured pin !

If poetry *must* fade out today, we must accept the fact. But for the sake of our integrity do not let us call by the sacred name of poetry what gets no further than lines and stanzas that make a caricature of it : stanzas which, on examination, raise wonder and astonishment in us that young men should care to trifle so with the language that produced our Bible, *Hamlet*, and the *Ode to a Nightingale*.

ARTHUR BALL.

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE OF THE BAUHAUS, by Walter Gropius, with an introduction by Frank Pick. *Faber and Faber*. 6s.

THIS book is rightly called a plea for considering afresh the problems of building in terms of current materials, technical and economic conditions. But its claim involves more than the superficial adoption of a new architectural form to replace the arbitrary reproduction of historic styles. It is rather, as Mr. Frank Pick suggests in his introductory remarks, a reconsideration of art as a vital human activity, the basis of which is a new approach to life. Thus a deep significance underlies the new architectural expression which we find springing up around us. It is, Dr. Gropius says, "a bridge uniting

opposite poles of thought"—realism and idealism.

The root of the evil is found in the specialization of various departments of industry. The artist is separated from the craftsman or technical worker, and design is "applied" rather than organic. Likewise the architect and the builder are divided by complex situations in which the building realized as a complete entity throughout is practically impossible. This need for grasping a fundamental unity and a new basis of co-operation becomes more urgent by the very factors created by industry itself. The manufacture of synthetic materials—steel, concrete, and glass—and the fact that these materials are produced by mechanical means for mass production in factories independent of the vagaries of climatic and local conditions, demand an entirely new formulation of the architectural conception. This, we find, was the inspiration behind the *Bauhaus* (a workshop-school established by Dr. Gropius in 1919 from a combination of the Weimar School of Arts and Crafts and the Academy of Fine Art). The real problem was the perfect combination of the æsthetic and the practical end in the evolution of the new architecture.

Dr. Gropius has very wisely realized the possible dangers of the too-easily-resolved effects made possible by the utilization of standardized units or *norms* embodying a sort of structural common denominator. But, as Mr. Pick has indicated, the tendency nowadays is against this stark and formal phase, which began as a reaction from the welter of superimposed decoration in the past, and individual imagination will more and more take possession of the new technical resources. Moreover, the architectural function necessitates the recognition of the particular solution demanded by a particular situation. "Building is a matter of methods and materials, but architecture implies the mastery of space."

GRACE ROGERS.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF AN UPPER CLASS, by H. de Montherlant.
John Miles, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? by Horace McCoy. *Barker. 6s.*

ILLYRIAN SPRING, by Ann Bridge.
Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

Lament for the Death of an Upper Class tells of an astonishing group of French aristocrats who are trying, in 1924, to flee from their ancestry. Léon de Coantré, with his craving to get as near as possible to the humble worker, is a very definite creation, drawn with insight and pity. He is employed in a ceaseless search for money and for a job. At the same time he manages to be preoccupied with light women who scorn his poverty.

He tries to lure his uncle, Baron Octave, into securing him a job or presenting him with money. But the Baron—a cute fox—packs him off to the country. The Baron has his own obsession, that of “Americanising” himself to the point of caricature.

And so, lack of means breaks up the extraordinary household at Arago. Léon goes to the country and his death, giving the author scope for a passage of descriptive writing seldom equalled in contemporary fiction. At Arago, Léon's second uncle, M. Elie, shared the house with his nephew. This old man nearly steals pride of place in the book. His childishness, his slyness, his passion for having his own way, are shown so realistically that he rises to life from the pages. He may be tiresome to Léon, but to us he is richly amusing. For instance, he creeps downstairs at night to steal jam like a thieving child, rolls bread into a pellet with his fingers and becomes distraught when he loses the pellet under the furniture.

The book contains memorable scenes of beauty, tenderness, and power. It is full of witty wisdom, a scholarly limning of the post-war years.

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? is an unusual little novel from America.

Robert Syverten, on trial for the murder of Gloria Beatty, relates his story. He meets Gloria casually, and she persuades him to enter a marathon dance which lasts for weeks. The dancers keep to the floor “for an hour and fifty minutes, then you had a ten minute rest period in which you could sleep if you wanted to.”

The promoters “stunt” a wedding. Famous screen stars start “derbies”. Couples collapse. An announcer tells the audience of the management's policy “to give you nothing but high-class amusement”. At the end Gloria begs Syverten to end her useless life, and he shoots her. This does not convince, because Syverten has little interest in Gloria and is represented as a man ambitious to become a film director.

Mr. McCoy must hate words. Only once does he relent by describing the ocean, “It was lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely”. This sticks up like a rock in a swift stream. The relation of the book to literary art is that of a photograph to a painting. But it has its value as a harsh comment on “civilization”.

Illyrian Spring proves that Miss Bridge's brand of freshness can become stale when she tells an old, old, story. She has powers of description, but the writing is too complacent. The pity of it that she should squander her talents in the furrow which so many women novelists plough with gusto!

Lady Kilmichael leaves home because her husband and her grown children do not take her art seriously. She goes to Dalmatia, meets a young man with “blue eyes, curly straw-coloured hair”. She is forty-two, he twenty-two years old. He falls in love with her. A doctor even hints that she should become the boy's mistress. But no. She is reconciled to her husband, and “curly head” links up with her daughter. Could anything be nicer?

REARDEN CONNER.